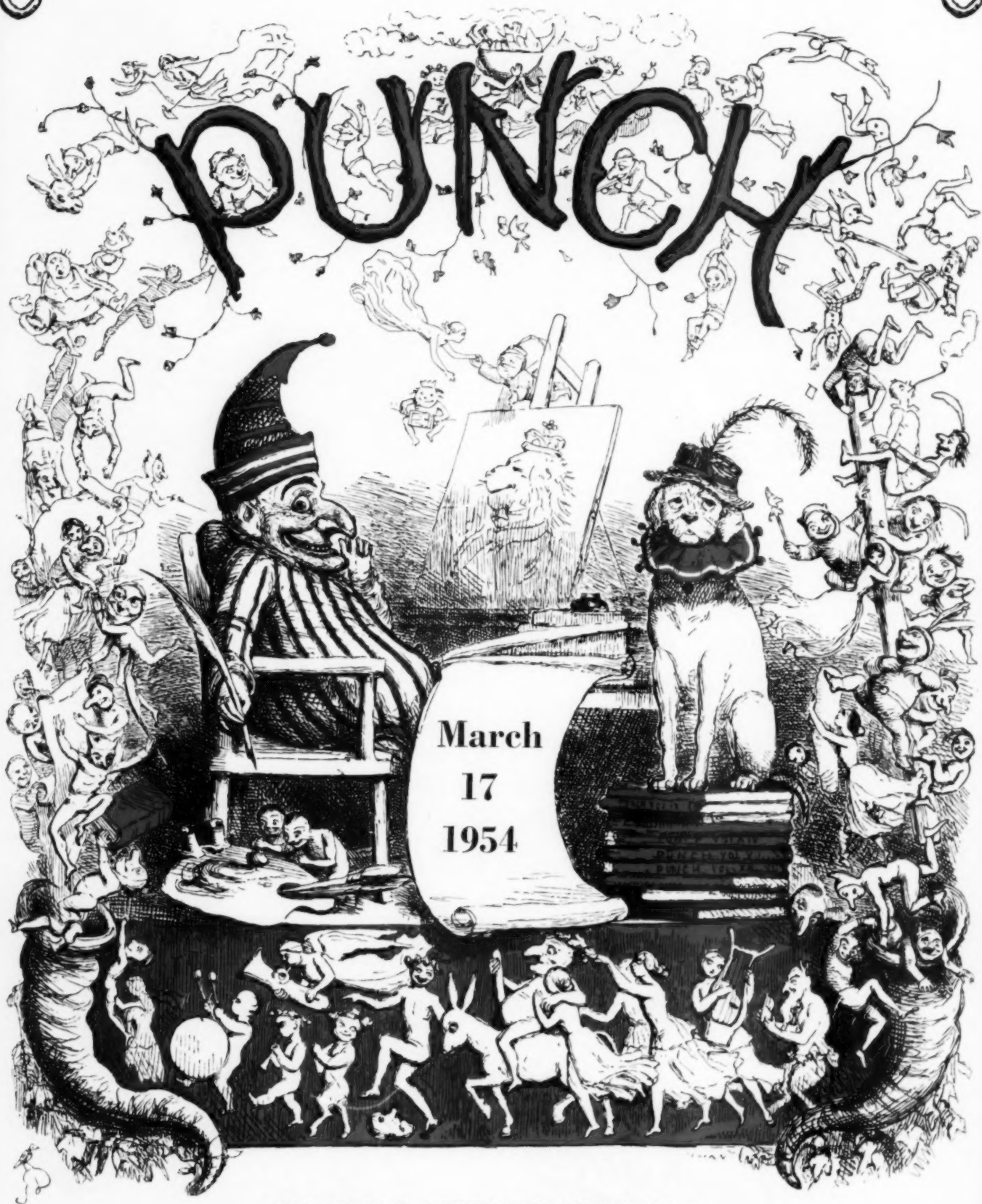


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH or The London Charivari—March 17 1954

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

*I'm all for  
glass door cooking...*



It's only common sense. Ask any housewife, and I know she'll agree with me. A glass oven door that I can be sure is unbreakable—that keeps the heat in properly—lets me see my cooking at a glance—and, most important, *never steams over. That's what I want...*

*...so this is the cooker for me!*

## Vulcan

**DOUBLE-CONTROL GAS COOKING**

See a Vulcan at your local gas showrooms, and Write for illustrated brochure.

THE VULCAN STOVE CO. LTD., EXETER. Associated Company of United Gas Industries Ltd.

- Automatic heat control
- Self-locating grill pan
- Roomy plinth drawer
- Fully-furnished oven
- Choice of attractive finishes



*Player's  
Please  
Everyone*

[NCC 8481]

# MACVITA

*It's tastier...  
crisper...  
more delicious  
to eat*

After a brisk game of hockey, the best goal is Macvita. For putting back energy, for building up strength and for sheer pleasure too, nothing scores over delicious Macvita, Britain's finest crispbread. Splendid for breakfast, lunch, tea or supper. All the family enjoys it.



By Appointment  
Biscuit Manufacturers  
to the late King George VI.  
McVitie & Price Ltd.



Made by the makers of the famous Digestive Biscuit

## McVITIE & PRICE LTD.

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

*...ask for*

# ANTLER

**AND GET THESE EXTRA FEATURES**

- Exclusive Patent **CUSHIONGRIP** handle.
- Concealed umbrella holder.
- Better locks and finish.
- Beautiful linings and ruched pocket work.
- A choice of 10 colours in matching sets.

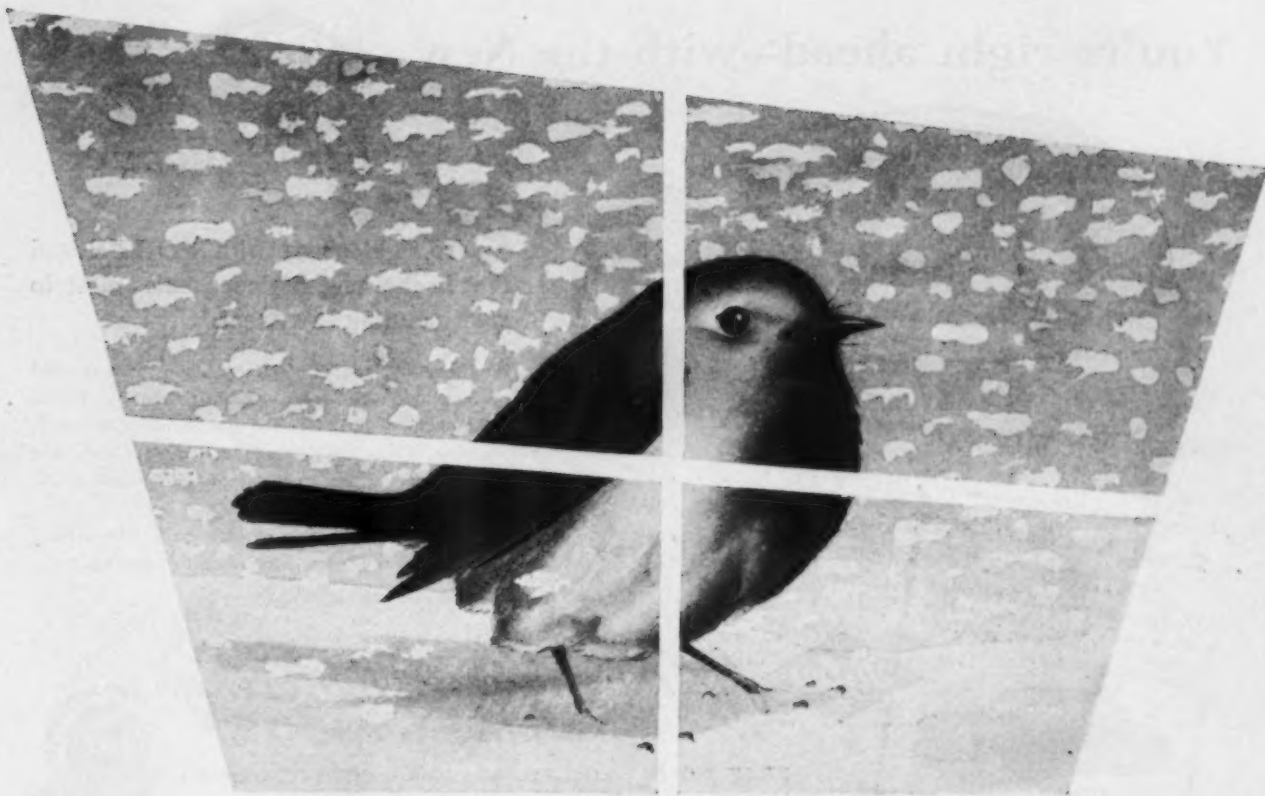


From  
**ANTLER**  
Authorized  
Dealers

MADE BY

ANTLER

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3.



## These windows ignore the weather

Fifty dirty winters, British summers, snowy Januaries and blistering Junes cannot spoil the precise fit of these Williams and Williams metal windows by one iota.

Here's an end to stuck windows. An end to that abomination of abominations the loose, rattling, whining, leaking window!

**METAL WINDOWS**

**WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS**



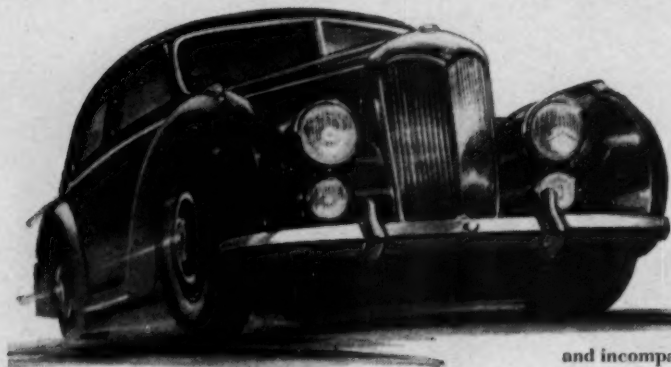
**MEMO TO ARCHITECTS AND SURVEYORS:** You can get quick delivery of metal windows by contacting any of our 19 offices in Britain. Each office gives you full personal service — from estimating to fixing teams on site. Williams and Williams Limited, Reliance Works, Chester.



You're right ahead—with the New



*1½ litre Saloon*



You're right ahead with **POWER** and that in the long run contributes most to your motoring enjoyment.

No other 1½ litre car gives you the same spirited performance with such consistent reliability. You're right ahead with safe, sure road-holding at speed, and incomparable steering. These are part of the Riley tradition. And the long, low lines of the luxurious body proclaim to all that this is one of England's outstanding cars.

For the sheer pleasure of driving, there's nothing quite like a Riley 1½ litre Saloon—built to give you years of *Magnificent Motoring*.

Arrange for a trial run with your nearest Riley Dealer.

The brilliant New Riley  
**'PATHFINDER'**

It's the most powerful, roomiest Riley ever. Your Dealer will be pleased to tell you all about this great-hearted car.



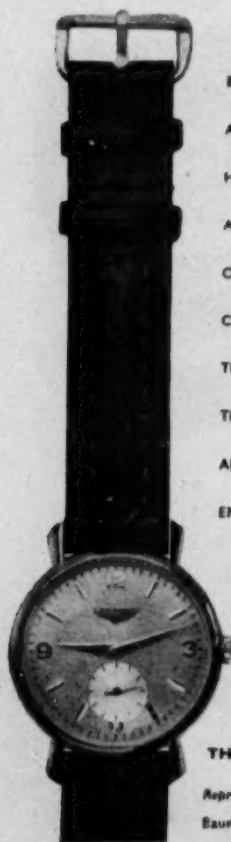
*for Magnificent Motoring*

Riley Models are fitted with safety glass all round.

**RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD**

London Showrooms: RILEY CARS, 55-56 PALL MALL, S.W.1

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



BEFORE THE CLEAR AND CANDID FACE OF  
A LONGINES WATCH PASS ITS UNFALTERING  
HANDS . . . AND ALL AT ONCE YOU ARE  
AWARE THAT IT IS A MACHINE—A MIRACLE  
OF A THOUSAND TINY COMPONENTS IN  
CEASELESS, ALMOST SOUNDLESS MOVEMENT.  
THEN, PERHAPS, YOU THINK WITH AWE OF  
THE SWISS CRAFTSMEN WHO MAKE THEM,  
AND WITH WONDER OF THE TOOLS THEY  
EMPLOY. TO MANY PEOPLE, SOONER OR

LATER, A

**LONGINES**



BECOMES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONOURED WATCH

Representatives:

Baume & Co. Ltd., London & La Chaux-de-Fonds

Is there a  
**HENNESSY**  
in the House?



There are  
**LITTLE ONES**  
to suit  
all pockets!





# White is right...



The man who holds that white is always right will give full marks for correctness to these Simpson shirts worn with faultlessly styled stiff collars. Superbly cut in coat style, these fine poplin shirts are made in three sleeve lengths with deep close-fitting double cuffs. Neck sizes 14—17½. £2.2.0. We will replace any shirt that shrinks out of fit.

Please give height and neck band size when ordering by post.

Stiff collars, 2/9 each



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3



No. 4

**Simpson**  
PICCADILLY

Men's Shirts are on the ground floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, London W.1 Regent 2002

News from every man's angle

The comfort of a cap with the ease of a beret  
Price 10/6  
Beretcap-de-luxe 15/-

Cleator  
Cumberland

**KANGOL**

BERETCAP

Patents and registered design pending

*"The Best of the Bunch"*

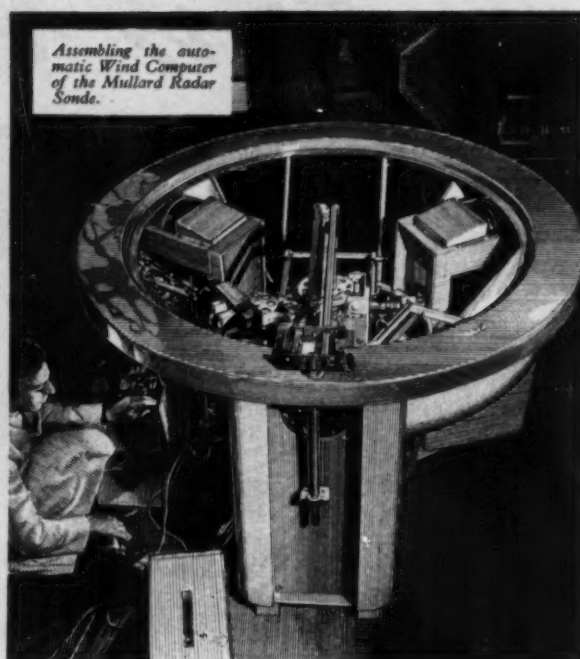
# MACKENZIE'S

For over one hundred years Mackenzie's have been shipping the finest Sherry and Port.

"Fino Perla" Sherry, an ideal aperitif, delights the eye with its glorious golden hue and charms the palate with its subtle, pleasing flavour.

"Regal" Tawny Port is a wine of character renowned for its mellow, heartening quality.

'Fino Perla' Sherry - 'Regal' Tawny Port  
**MACKENZIE & CO. LTD.**  
20, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3. JEREZ & OPORTO



*Assembling the automatic Wind Computer of the Mullard Radar Sonde.*

## PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

**T**HE rapid growth of air traffic throughout the world and the introduction of high speed aircraft flying at great heights have multiplied the problems of the meteorologist. The methods of forecasting weather conditions which were adequate ten years ago cannot provide the detailed and accurate data which are required to-day.

A new technique for weather forecasting has, however, now been developed. By employing an equipment known as the Radar Sonde, the complex conditions in the upper atmosphere can be accurately measured and recorded.

A small balloon carries a miniature radio and meteorological station up to a height of 80,000 ft. and is borne by the wind to distances exceeding 100 miles. Throughout its flight the balloon is continuously interrogated by a powerful radar transmitter, and the answers are transmitted back by return.

As the information is received at the ground station it is decoded, computed and recorded to give a detailed picture of wind speed and direction, and of temperature, pressure and humidity.

The Radar Sonde has been designed and built by the Mullard Research Laboratories in co-operation with the Ministry of Supply and the Meteorological Office.

# Mullard

MULLARD LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.C.2

Factories at: BLACKBURN · FLEETWOOD · GILLINGHAM · HOVE · LYTHAM-ST. ANNE'S  
MITCHAM · RAWTENSTALL · WADDON · WANDSWORTH · WHYTELEAF

(MP426D)

*What's afoot today?*

Is your footing "Something-in-the-City"?

Does that sock, discreetly ribbed,

yearn for a fitting partner in the

subtle business of promoting your own goodwill? DIPLOMAT should

join the board immediately. Or are you stepping joyously

through the finest round of your life? Does that sock of gay pattern,

donned for leisure, seek a complementary solemate?

MASTERMOC, TURF and WENTWORTH are the best of good sports.

All are Church's, which says all.



From left to right:

**Diplomat:** In brown or black calf.  
Last 73. Price 109/9d.

**'Whiplax' Turf:** Extremely light and supple.  
In brown reversed calf. Last 81. Price 85/9d.

**Mastermoc:** The most flexible casual ever made.  
Brown calf. Last 106. Price 59/9d.

**Wentworth:** In brown calf. Can be spiked for golf. Last 98.  
Price 109/9d.

**Church's** famous English shoes

for town and country wear. Write for nearest Agent's address to CHURCH & CO. LTD., DUKE ST., NORTHAMPTON

A full range of most styles is held at **Babers** of 299 OXFORD Street, London, W.1



Proudly the silver wings aspire  
Eastward, westward, farther, higher,  
Nor fate nor tempest's hammering  
Disturb their mighty journeying;  
For they alone are masters there,  
In the spaceless kingdoms of the air.

The House of State Express is proud  
to have the privilege of supplying the  
world's most famous airlines.

**STATE EXPRESS 555**  
*The Best Cigarettes  
in the World*



the  
sound  
of  
the  
sea

### Summer Cruises

*give the perfect holiday!*

The "ARCADIA" and the "CHUSAN" will cruise to the Mediterranean, Atlantic Islands and Northern Ports, from May to September.

**P&O**

14-16 COCKSPUR ST., S.W.1 • Tel: WHITEHALL 4444  
122 LEADENHALL ST., E.C.3 • Tel: AVENUE 8000  
OR YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT

*Just your pigeon*



PYRAMID handkerchiefs are soft finished ready for immediate use. Men's fancy white or colours 2/6; Initials 2/11; Plain white 2/-; Women's fancy white or colours 1/8; Initials 1/11

## PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

A TOOTAL GUARANTEED PRODUCT

See Registered Trade Mark Label on every handkerchief

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER 1



*The happiest  
ending*

Sip Grand Marnier with your after-dinner coffee and know the magic of France's finest liqueur. Made exclusively with Cognac brandy Grand Marnier is the proud choice of those who know the rules of civilised living.

**Grand Marnier**



FRANCE'S FINEST LIQUEUR — MADE EXCLUSIVELY WITH COGNAC BRANDY  
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

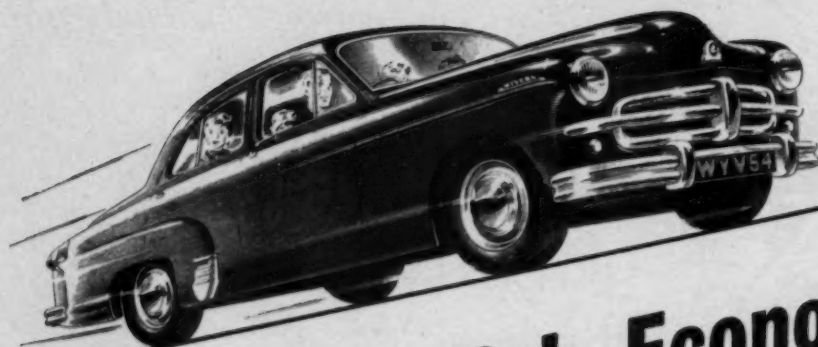


**The  
ERCOLion  
woos the ladies**

NO. 248

"O women in your hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please," whispered the ERCOLion, blushing shyly at his burst into verse, "you needn't be chairy at entrusting your hours of ease to my latest fire-side chair. It will accommodate hours of knitting or sitting, reading or writing, without the slightest discomfort. In fact, the harder you are to please, the softer you will find the foam-rubber cushion and the perfectly shaped back. The natural light waxed finish, the quiet charm and handsome shape give it an introduction to the finest homes, and good furniture shops will be happy to introduce it to you."

FURNITURE INDUSTRIES LTD · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS



**Spacious... Powerful... Economical**



How brilliantly these two Vauxhalls meet the needs of motorists today. Velox and Wyvern alike are roomy, powerful, easily manœuvrable cars, a pleasure to drive and completely comfortable for five or even six passengers to ride in.

They are handsome and beautifully finished, yet at the same time surprisingly economical both in first cost and in petrol consumption. Higher compression "square" engines boost power, run longer without overhaul, and reduce

petrol consumption. Expert and inexpensive maintenance is assured by Vauxhall Square Deal Service, operated by dealers in every part of the country with factory trained mechanics, low-cost, genuine parts and standard repair times.

For the owner who wants every penny of motoring value, these roomy, powerful, economical Vauxhalls are unequalled on the road today. Your Vauxhall dealer will be happy to arrange a demonstration run for you.

**That's Vauxhall Value!**

**THE 6-CYLINDER VELOX**

Maximum speed of 80 m.p.h. 28-68 m.p.g. at an average speed of 40-89 m.p.h.\* Spacious 5/6 seater. Length 14 ft. 4 ins., turning circle only 38 ft. Price £535 plus £224 . 0s. 10d. P.T.

**THE 4-CYLINDER WYVERN**

Same size body and the same modern styling as the Velox. Maximum speed of 70 m.p.h. 33-46 m.p.g. at an average speed of 30-51 m.p.h.\* Price £495 plus £207 . 7s. 6d. P.T.

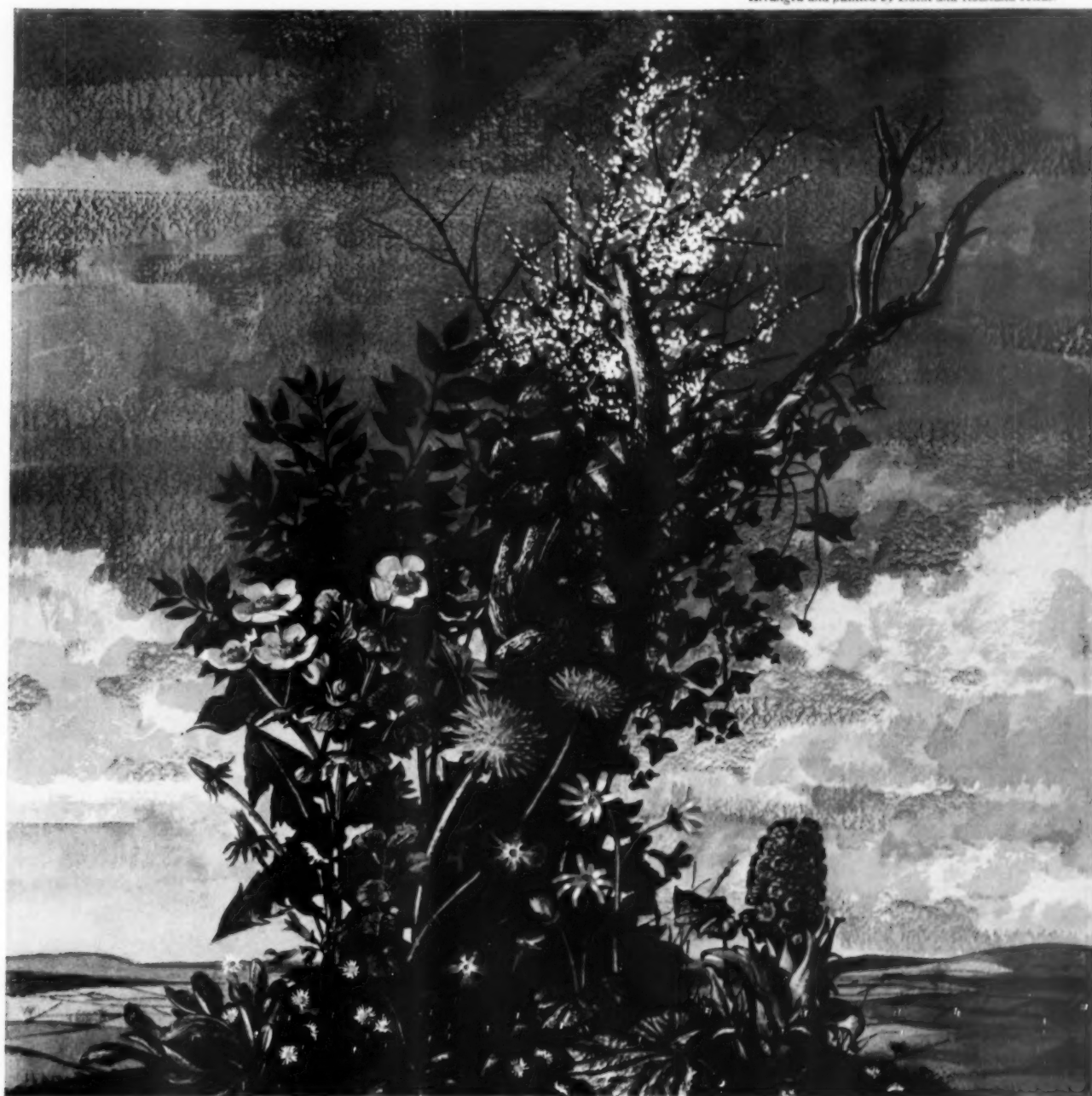
Vauxhall Motors Ltd • Luton • Beds.

\* From R.A.C. observed petrol consumption tests.



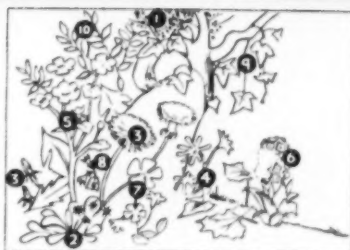
# SHELLGUIDE to *MARCH* lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



LIGHTER skies, sunshine, bright clouds – and March, first of the flowery months. (1) *Blackthorn* is out along hedges, creamy buds and white flowers on ebony twigs exquisite against the blue sky. (2) *Daisies* open their eyes among the grass (daisy does mean 'day's eye'), and (3) *Dandelions*, suns staring at the sun.

Two more golden flowers are (4) *Lesser Celandine*, in damp shade, and (5) *Marsh Marigold* in black marshes and wet green meadow. Along streams, from low meadows to mountains, (6) *Butterbur* now pushes up its fat flower heads, which look at first like some peculiar toadstool. In half-shade is the (7) *Lesser Periwinkle* which 'hath an excellent virtue to stanch bleeding at the nose in Christians'. (8) *Ground Ivy*, not at all like proper (9) *Ivy*, is an aromatic, bitter little herb used to flavour ale before hops were introduced in Henry VIII's day. Most unlike a lily of all the lily family, (10) *Butcher's Broom*, blossoms in early spring, the minute flowers appearing on the prickly leaf-like shoots.



You can be  
sure of



THE KEY TO THE COUNTRYSIDE

# SUNWAY

## venetian blinds

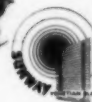


### *essential and exclusive*

Tailor-made for each and every room, and vital for charm and comfort, you simply must have these beautiful blinds. They adorn the home; they swiftly save their cost by keeping curtains, carpets and cushions fresh and unfaded; they are a sure shield against draughts; they give privacy, you can see out but none can see in; they are easy to dust and adjust. Feather-light aluminium slats in a choice of 14 lovely pastel shades.

*1,500 first-class shops and stores in Great Britain sell Sunway and are proud to fit them. Write for fuller information and the name of your nearest Sunway stockist.*

*Made only by*



**VENETIAN VOGUE LIMITED**

**MONTROSE AVENUE • SLOUGH • BUCKS**

*A company of The Bells Asbestos and Engineering Group*

You're not forgetting the most important thing?..



Sick people need *protein* to speed recovery

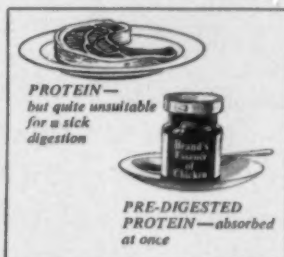
WHEN people are ill or feverish, they feel a natural aversion to eating. But in fact they *do* need food, especially body-building protein. The trouble is, their digestions aren't capable of dealing with ordinary food and extracting from it the nourishment they so badly need.

But they can safely take *Brand's Essence*. This clear jelly presents protein of fine beef or chicken in solution, fat-free, so that there is *nothing* in it to irritate. What's more, *Brand's Essence*, cooked under high pressure at a high temperature (something you just couldn't do at home) is what you might call "pre-digested"; it has already undergone the first stage of digestion, which normally takes place in the stomach.

Thus *Brand's Essence* is very easily absorbed, quickly

supplying valuable nourishment without strain on the system. But it also stimulates the digestive juices and so encourages *natural* appetite. Your invalid is soon able to take more food—and start on the road to real recovery.

Because of this twofold action, *Brand's Essence* is equally effective in minor ailments—'flu, colds, stomach upsets, or when someone is "too tired to eat." You should always keep a jar of *Brand's* in reserve, in case a member of the family falls ill, or even feels "off-colour." There is nothing else like it—valuable protein, pre-digested, palatable, and so easy for you to give when you're extra busy with sickness in the house.



# Brand's Essence

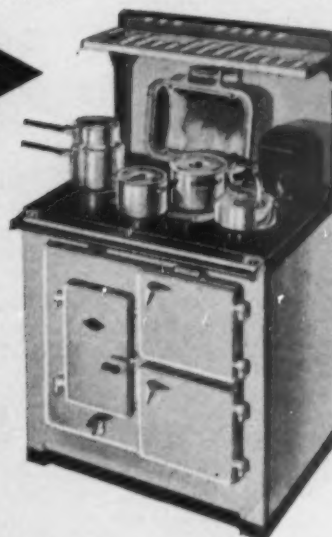
Beef 3/3 Chicken 4/3

Life's brighter with an ESSE

... now in **COLOUR** to match your kitchen!



ESSE Heat Storage Cookers, outstanding for almost unbelievable economy with coke, anthracite or Phurnacite, are **now available in beautifully finished shades of powder blue, apple green, cream or white.** They are world-famed for their superb and ever-ready facilities incorporating every modern cooking and labour-saving device any housewife could desire. In addition, there's constant hot water day and night throughout your home without extra fires or trouble. Your ESSE is a joy to behold... in looks and life-long performance!



1854  
a century of  
experience  
1954

Prices from £91 4s. 9d. with boiler; £79 2s. 0d. without boiler. Write for free catalogue and details of **HIRE PURCHASE terms.**

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD Est 1854  
Proprietors of the ESSE Cooker Company  
Head Office: Bonnybridge Stirlingshire  
London: 83 Conduit Street W1  
and at Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow  
and Dublin.

The AUTOMATIC HYDRESSE Water Heater serves economically, the mansion, small hotel, board residence, farm—any place where hot water is constantly on call. Thermostat saves fuel and labour. Streamlined porcelain enamel finish also in colours. £90 or on terms.



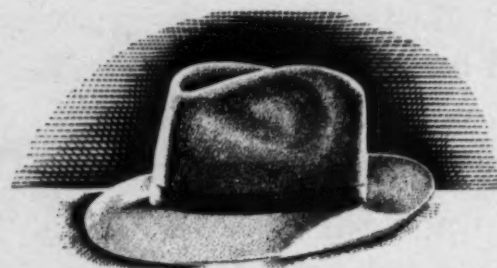


If it's a matter of how to  
fasten one thing to another  
.... get in touch with **GKN**

GUEST KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS (MIDLANDS) LIMITED

BOLT & NUT DIVISION: Atlas Works, Darlaston, S. Staffs. Phone: Darlaston 28

SCREW DIVISION: Box 24, Heath Street, Birmingham 18. Phone: Smethwick 1461



### CHRISTYS' ROLLAWAY

A versatile lightweight—weighs only two ounces—  
ideal for business yet casual enough to wear with  
sports clothes.

Available in a good range of colours.

## CHRISTYS' HATS

OBTAINABLE FROM

CHRISTY & CO. LTD., 35 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.3  
(Entrance in Lombard Court)

and good class men's shops everywhere



# Crest

bench-made for the man  
whose feet deserve that  
little extra in comfort,  
quality and appearance—  
at a slight extra cost...

In stock at £5 15 0

by **SAXONE**

241 REGENT STREET  
LONDON, W1

and throughout the country



Those very qualities which have won for Dettol the confidence of surgeons and doctors in our leading hospitals, are the same qualities, precisely, that make it most suitable for use in your home. Germs are quite invisible to the naked eye, and in the cleanest house there are things and places in which germs may breed. You will be wise to learn from the hospital. Use Dettol promptly wherever and whenever infection threatens.

**'DETTOL'**  
THE SAFE WAY TO SAFETY



'Truvisca'—the shirt that's tailored by Luvisca Limited. It's amply cut in coat style—and so hard wearing: it's made from a Courtaulds' fabric, a blend of first-quality Egyptian cotton and high-tenacity rayon that's as handsome as it's strong. A tunic shirt with two 'Luvex' collars—semi-stiff, perfect appearance, perfect comfort. Plain colours or stripes.

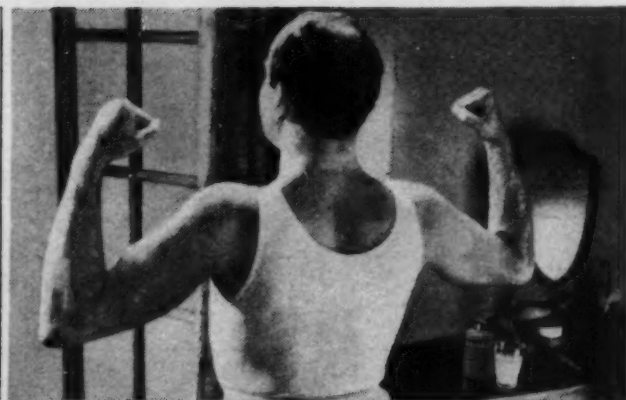
#### NEW LUVISCA PYJAMAS

Old friends, these, and still the best pyjamas ever made—smooth, soft, roomy. Plenty of patterns to choose from, including plain colours. We needn't tell you how they wash and wear.

#### NEW LUVISCA COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRTS

Long-lasting comfort, cut in coat style with semi-stiff 'Luvex' collar. Choose from a wide range of colours—in a variety of patterned weaves.

LUVISCA Limited, Exeter.



### He's cleaning his teeth

Or rather, he has safely left the job of oxygen-cleaning his dentures to "Steradent," while he does his daily dozen.

Like all fastidious wearers of dentures, he knows the importance of cleaning them thoroughly with something made for the purpose.

He knows that the kindest way to clean dentures properly is to steep them every day for 20 minutes in half a tumbler of water which

contains Steradent. Steradent does the job gently but surely, by blending the actions of alkali and busy purifying oxygen. It removes film and stains, disinfects the dentures in every crevice, and leaves them so sweet and fresh that the tongue can feel how clean they are.

It always pays to use something made for the job, and Steradent is so economical. Buy a flask today: 2/5 and 1/4.

*Leave the job to Steradent  
—specially made to clean dentures*



## JOHN BULL PROUDLY PRESENTS



### The Life-Story of Group Captain

# BADER

D.S.O., D.F.C.

On Wednesday, March 24, JOHN BULL begins exclusive serial publication of *Reach for the Sky*, the thrilling story of the life of a very great man—Group Captain Douglas Bader, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, ace fighter pilot, legless leader of "The Few".

Paul Brickhill has written this superb biography; human, moving and sincere, it is a story of tremendous courage and triumph over adversity, which will almost certainly be the Book of the Year!

*Reach for the Sky* is typical of the books chosen for serialisation in this intelligent magazine. JOHN BULL's talent for spotting potential best-sellers, and presenting them to a wide and discriminating public, often in advance of book publication, has won it an enviable reputation. Order your copy today.

**JOHN BULL**  
On Sale Wed., March 24—4d.





Apples for  
health..so



# Bulmer's for me

An apple a day is the first rule of good health. Bulmer's cider is made from the juice of ripe fresh apples; to drink it each day is a pleasant way of keeping fit. When you are tired or thirsty you will be delighted to feel how a glass of Bulmer's refreshes you.

**Bulmer's—the most popular cider of all**

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

## INTERESTED IN EMERGENCY LIGHTING?

*Send for these  
informative booklets*

Nife - Neverfayle emergency lighting has several important advantages—advantages you should know about before installing an emergency system.

Nife - Neverfayle emergency lighting units are:

### DEPENDABLE:

Power is instantly available because Nife Steel-Alkaline Batteries do not deteriorate even during long periods of inactivity.

### CONVENIENT:

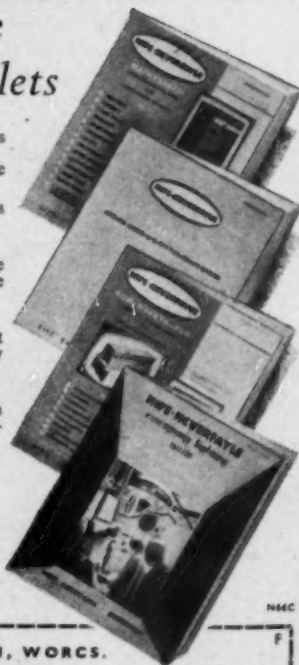
Nife equipment is exceptionally compact and there is no need for a separate battery room.

### ECONOMICAL:

Since the electrolyte and active materials in the batteries are of great stability, maintenance costs next to nothing.

# NIFE- NEVERFAYLE

the emergency equipment with the  
steel-alkaline battery



NIFE BATTERIES, REDDITCH, WORCS.

Please send me booklets giving detailed information of NIFE-NEVERFAYLE units for \_\_\_\_\_ (CINEMA, HOSPITAL, PUBLIC BLDG, ETC.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



## HOOVER LIMITED.

### ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS SURPASSED

The annual general meeting of Hoover Limited will be held on April 2 at Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

The following is an extract from the Review of the Chairman and Managing Director, Sir Charles Colston, C.B.E., M.C., D.C.M., which has been circulated to stockholders covering the year ended December 31, 1953:

It is with much pride that I am able to announce that 1953 has been the record year in the history of the Company. We have succeeded in surpassing the remarkable records established in 1951, and have gone far ahead of the results attained in 1952. The consolidated profit for 1953 is £3,095,000. This compares with the consolidated profit of £3,014,000 in 1951, and £1,602,000 in 1952.

To give an overall picture, our total turnover in 1953, at home and abroad, was almost 20 per cent greater than the previous record turnover achieved in 1951.

### EXPANSION OF WASHING MACHINE SALES

Perhaps the most striking feature of the year's operations has been the continued remarkable expansion in the sales of Hoover Electric Washing Machines. Our new Mark II Washing Machine has justified our most optimistic expectations.

Our total Washing Machine sales in the home market were practically double what they were in 1951, and about 50 per cent higher than in 1952. This constitutes a rapid and continuous expansion which is impressive.

During 1953 we sold about one and a half times as many Electric Washing Machines in Britain as all other manufacturers put together. We have established our position on the merits and the price of our products.

In the export field as in the home market our ascendancy is shown by the fact that we exported during the year twice as many Washing Machines as all other British manufacturers taken together.

Both at home and overseas we sold substantially more Electric Cleaners than the total of all other British manufacturers.

### NEW ELECTRIC IRON

The introduction in November, 1953, of the Hoover Electric Steam and Dry Iron, for which demand is brisk, is a continuation of the policy which the Company has adopted since the war of steadily expanding its range of products. It is a policy which has proved triumphantly successful. Our business is seven times as large as it was before the war and five times as large as it was in 1946.

Our splendid Sales-Service organization has had an increasing range of products to handle, with considerable resulting economies. The cumulative effect has been that in relation to the national price level our prices are far lower than before the war.

We have also developed a large scale export business. We are doing business altogether in about ninety countries.

This immense expansion has been financed almost entirely out of the Company's own resources as a result of the very conservative policy over the years of ploughing back profits.

In Hoover Limited we believe that incentive is the most potent weapon in the armoury of good management. We practise what we believe. Bonuses for the year amounted to £754,000 apart from piece work incentives and sales commissions. This exceeds the total of the net dividend on all classes of shares which amounts to £645,000.

### PROSPECTS FOR 1954

Sales for January and February 1954 have been excellent, a very substantial improvement over the corresponding periods in the record years of 1951 and 1953. We shall have the benefit of a full year's sales of the new products which we introduced in 1953—the Mark II Washing Machine, the new Cylinder Electric Cleaner, and the Steam and Dry Iron. We expect also an expansion of our Australian business as a result of our commencing to manufacture the Mark II Washing Machine there. Assuming that there are no major upheavals in the world, we can look forward with a fair measure of confidence to a satisfactory improvement over the results of 1953.

### RETIREMENT FROM POSITION OF MANAGING DIRECTOR

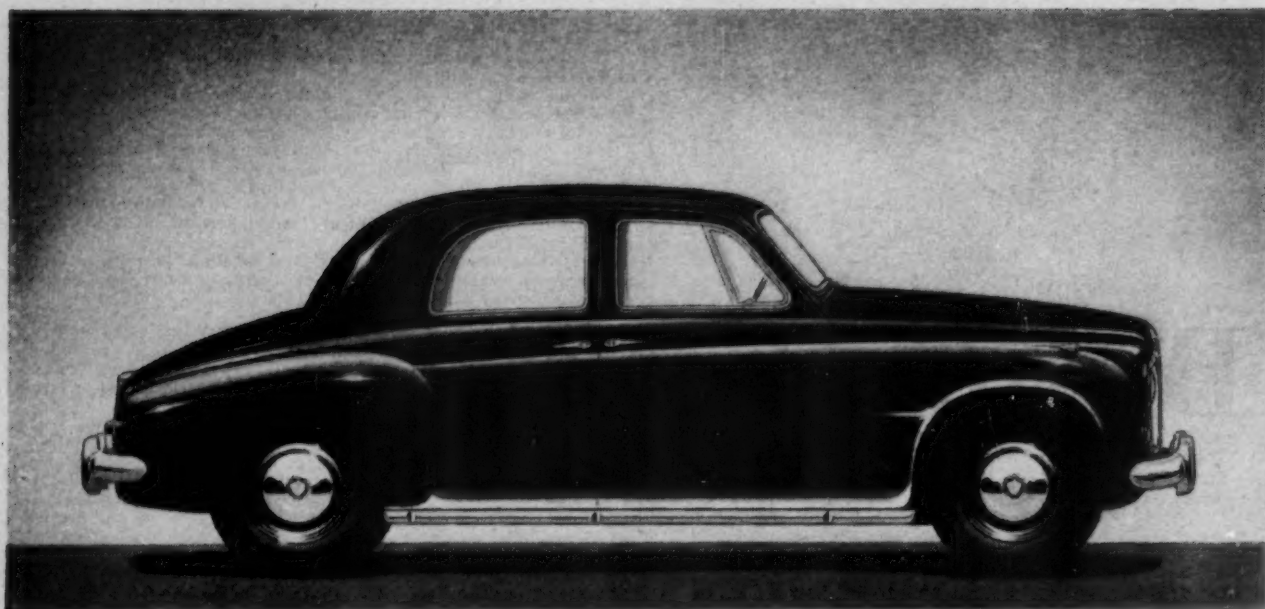
After the forthcoming annual general meeting, when I shall have completed 35 years in the service of the Company, it is my intention to retire from the Board and the position of Managing Director. My friend and colleague, Mr. J. A. Wykes, who has been Deputy Managing Director for the last eight years, has been appointed Managing Director to succeed me with effect from 5th April next. With Mr. Wykes at the helm we are confident that the leadership of the Company will be in strong and safe hands.

If Hoover Limited by reason of its qualities of originality and vision, its skill and energy, has helped in some small measure to increase the fame of British industry in the markets of the world, and if I have been able to make some contribution to what has been achieved, I am content.

A copy of the full statement by the Chairman can be obtained from the registered office of the Company, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.



By Appointment to the late King George VI  
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers  
The Rover Co. Ltd.



## Continuity of Effort

**C**ONTINUITY of effort in the search for an ideal has always been the guiding principle of Rover designers. Alert to apply the latest scientific discoveries, they have succeeded in producing cars which are a pleasure to look at, a delight to drive and offer a high resale value after long and trouble-free service.

For 1954 three models are presented—the "Sixty" (4-cyl. 2-litre), the already famous "Seventy-Five", and the "Ninety" (6-cyl. 2½-litre). Progress in design is exemplified by a number of improvements common to all three cars, including synchromesh on second, third and top gears, and a new central gear change. Rubber bushes and sealed bearings virtually eliminate grease-gun service.

Exhaust valves made of XB steel, faced with "Brightray", and the provision of "Brimo-chrome" valve seat inserts increase resistance to burning, pitting and corrosion. This unusual and valuable feature ensures extra long life to the valves and saves maintenance costs.



# ROVER

ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON



## CHARIVARIA

**N**UCLEAR energy projects are proving so costly in America that the word "megabuck" is now used to describe every million dollars spent. Treasury officials say that this not only makes for ease in accounting, but that departmental chiefs find it tougher to pass than the ordinary buck.

### No Clapping Between Movements

**L**ETTERS beginning "Dear Music-lover" and ending "Yours in harmony, J. L. Grumbridge, Sales Manager" are now fluttering through selected letter-boxes on the wings of British European Airways publicity. Mr. Grumbridge has based this appeal to a specialist public on the theory that engines play sweet music in the passenger's ear, and he embodies an ingenious



programme-note exploiting the terms *strepitoso*, *presto*, *crescendo*, *diminuendo* and so on. Intending air-travellers everywhere, whether music-lovers or not, will feel that, of the whole musical vocabulary as applied to aircraft engines, *sostenuto* is the sweetest word of all.

### Honours Even

**T**HE Committee and Unit for Education in the U.K. in Current Commonwealth-American Affairs of the English-Speaking Union of the Commonwealth and of the British-American Associates (short title probably CUEUKCCAAESUCBAA) is doing valuable work for international relations by producing discussion briefs for lecturers. One of the most valuable contains, in question and answer form, two separate sections, one citing common criticisms of the U.K. by the U.S.,

the other citing common criticisms of the U.S. by the U.K., each with textbook answers. Thus, a speaker harassed by charges that Britain is slack about



the Communist menace can confidently reply that it is easier to deal with Communists who have not been driven underground; and, facing a blast from the opposite quarter, that America will plunge into Fascism through McCarthyism, he can quickly turn up his crib and read aloud, "No single demagogue should be taken as representative of national opinion." Questioned and questioner should, in fact, stand an excellent chance of coming out all square.

### Thousand Pounds a Puff

**B**RITISH Railways accountants have studied with interest the report from New Delhi that during 1953 the Indian railway police caught 8,415,088 passengers travelling without tickets; they decided that if, in the present state of British Railways finances, a similar haul could be made in this country every year, it would make hardly any difference.

### Unsolicited Comment

**C**RITICAL remarks accompanying Mr. Woodrow Wyatt's introduction of his Theatrical Companies Bill may well lead to a freakish alliance between theatrical managements and their old enemies, the first-night hecklers. There seems no reason why, if the mention of a West End success draws cries of "Tripe!" from the floor of the House, Mr. Hugh Beaumont should not engage a force of similarly

unqualified critics to appear regularly in the public galleries crying "Boo!" and beating out a slow hand-clap.

### Class War, Latest

**S**INCE complaints were made at a South London borough's Housing Committee meeting that the wrong sort of people were getting working-men's flats the rents have been substantially raised. This ensures at last that only the people for whom they were intended can afford to live there.

### Chicken or the Egg?

**S**ETTLEMENT of world problems by discussion has its latest manifestation at Wageningen in the Netherlands, where under O.E.E.C. sponsorship experts from fourteen European countries are at present discussing the housing, management and international welfare of poultry. The crowded agenda makes no mention of the international welfare of the consumer through cheap eggs and birds, but one of the items is Poultry Advisory Services, and it seems



likely that the small British delegation, which includes the Poultry Advisory Officer to the West Suffolk Agricultural Committee and the Poultry Advisory Officer to the National Agricultural Advisory Service will make valuable contributions under this head.

### An Eye to the Future

**M**R. DUNCAN SANDYS, Minister of Supply, and Mr. W. O. Dodd, Town Clerk of Brighton, have issued simultaneous, if not actually joint, statements on germ warfare. Both are couched in terms of proper gravity and



are designed to inform but not to alarm. "Her Majesty's Government," says Mr. Sandys, "cannot neglect consideration of the precautions which would need to be taken should this form of warfare ever be applied against us." Mr. Dodd, proposing a Press conference, says "I wish to explain that it is being called because it is felt by the authorities that the Press should be informed of the action which is to be taken." While Mr. Sandys, however, is modest in his expectations of success against germs, viruses, and rusts, Mr. Dodd is confident that South Coast beaches will be rid of the fly pest before the Easter rush.

#### Outlook Roxy

LAST Thursday's batch of British business men to arrive in Russia, under the captaincy of Sir Greville Maginness, brings up our present side's force to twenty-one, between them

intent to sell innumerable roubles'-worth of British machine-tools, transformers, generators and ships. It is an encouraging sign of the new Anglo-Russian tolerance that not only our workers but our employers can openly take their orders from Moscow.

#### Informed Public

ONE of the rules at American Press conferences is that the President shall not be quoted directly. This leads to confusion. When he said, for example, that if employment fell off sharply the Administration would use every available means to head off a depression, his statement obviously needed explanation. Secretary of the Treasury Humphreys, speaking in direct speech, supplied it. What Mr. Eisenhower meant, he said, was that "if employment goes down substantially it will be a warning that we should take cognisance and study

what to do." What Mr. Humphreys meant, indirectly, was that if employment fell off sharply there was not much the Administration could do about it.

#### Screw This Up

FIRM handling of the litter menace is reported in a recent issue of the *Buckinghamshire Free Press*. Alarmed at the rising tide of waste paper accumulating on the village green the Chesham Bois Parish Council have agreed to take immediate steps, by circularizing to parishioners copies of the by-law prohibiting this. One way or the other, it would make a difference.

#### Licence, Not Liberty

ALTHOUGH they have another pound to pay, Viewers will view as kindly as they did; It's always been the democratic way, To find, at any cost, a *tertium quid*.



## NOT BY WESTERN VALUES ONLY

"WHO is Senator McCarthy?" "He is one of two representatives of the State of Wisconsin in the United States Senate, having been elected under the system of universal franchise and secret ballot that is being recommended to all mankind as the most admirable method of conducting their affairs."

"Why did the citizens of Wisconsin choose him?"

"Who knows? Why did the citizens of Hackney once elect Horatio Bottomley? These things are mysterious. Whatever else the advocates of parliamentary institutions may claim, they cannot contend that such a system results in the election of estimable rulers."

"Does it not seem extraordinary that, if the literate and instructed electorates of the United States and Western Europe freely choose representatives of the Senator McCarthy type, West Africans, Asians and tribesmen in the South Sudan should be expected to do better?"

"I agree that it seems extraordinary; but, progress, like time, marches on. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd peeped out at its march the other day from the windows of Government House in Khartoum. He was fortunate in not having to make a closer acquaintance

with it. Otherwise the experience might have cost him his life—as it did the only remaining British police officer in the Sudan. No one is going to bother much about him compared with keeping on good terms with Major Salem."

"Coming back to Senator McCarthy, what does he think he is doing?"

"Defending freedom."

"But don't a lot of people over here contend that he's a menace to freedom?"

"That is so."

"Which view is correct?"

"I should say both and neither. In that the Senator is discouraging the infiltration into the United States administration of Communists who want

to abolish freedom, he may be said to be defending freedom; and in that, in order so to do, he engages in cruelty, malice and buffoonery, which make his country abhorred and a laughing stock throughout the world, he may be said to be attacking freedom. By the same token, many of those who most vociferously abuse him do so in order to promote their own efforts, under the auspices of the Soviet Government, to abolish freedom; and yet others who are sincere upholders of freedom are so anxious to establish their abhorrence of the Senator's methods that they give their blessing to Communist Boy Scouts, a Communist Dean of Canterbury and other like absurdities."

"What, in point of fact, is freedom?"

"For Malenkov it would appear to consist in being able to kill Beria or anyone else who challenges his authority; for Senator McCarthy, in the right to abuse and persecute anyone who refuses to bow before his questioning; for Lord Reith, in a readiness to receive thankfully whatever the B.B.C. may care to provide, and so on."

"Is there, then, no such thing as freedom?"

"Perhaps Professor Arnold Toynbee or Bertrand Russell will tell us one Sunday evening after the news."

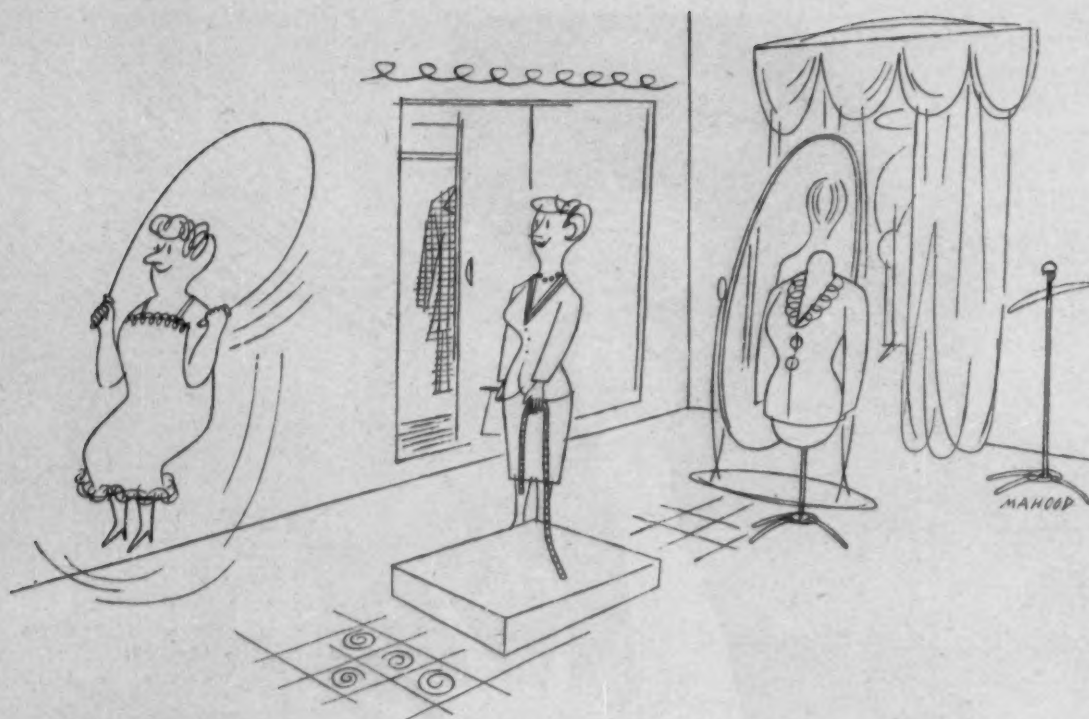
"Let us hope so."

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE





"...that we here highly resolve... that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom."  
Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg



## The Nero Story *(Synopsis of a Film Scenario)* By R. G. G. PRICE

**D**URING the Credits Nero can be heard playing the specially-composed "Cradlesong."

### SEQUENCE 1

*(A procession moves along the Appian Way. As legion treads hard upon the heels of legion, camel of camel, captive of captive, two citizens among the spectators are caught by the camera.)*

MARCUS: There hasn't been a real music-player since B.C.

LENTULUS: You're always boosting the old days. I believe there's just about as much talent around as there ever was. *(Numidian cavalry cause a dust-storm. It subsides.)*

MARCUS: I'll take you up on that.

### SEQUENCE 2

*(NERO practises the lyre in an apartment of the Palace.)*

NERO: It never sounds the way I want it.

SENECA: I believe in you, son; but you've got to feel it here *(taps sternum)* to make a music-player. Now, look after those down-beats and go right into it. Perhaps we might have a try-out soon.

### SEQUENCE 3

*(The hot-room at the baths. Fans, semi-nudes stretching lazily, marble lightly veiled in steam.)*

CHORUS OF BATHERS:

Nothing like a good hot bath.

Nothing nicer than to spice a

Hot bath.

See the hot air rises and surprises

That cold air up in the roof.

Just watch that steam for proof;

It's on an upward path.

Nothing like a good hot bath.

*(The tune carries the lyric. Business with unguents, massage and a pet gazelle. Enter NERO, followed by SENECA, SLAVE with lyre and GUARDS.)*

SENECA: Pray be seated. We are presenting a half-hour of diversion and merriment. First Nero will play a potpourri of Old Etruscan Melodies and then I shall recite the First Book of the *Aeneid*.

*(NERO plays.)*

Admirable. "Arma virumque cano . . ."

NERO: I shall now sing.

*(Accompanies himself, assisted by string orchestra OFF.)*

It's only a six-letter word,

But the loveliest word in the tongue.

'Tis but a two-syllable word,

Yet a word that has often been sung.

You've guessed what I'm trying to suggest?

Mother! Mother! Mother!

And no other,

Mother is the word for me.

*(Bathers applaud—tepidly.)*

One day you shall beg for an encore.

[Exit



SEQUENCE 4

(A Naval Review. NERO and SENECA, apart.)

SENECA: I reckon, son, we'd better give you a bit more practice with those up-beats, out of town, perhaps.

SEQUENCE 5

(A provincial amphitheatre. Thin rain. A small audience gives grudging applause to a Retiarius who has just killed a Gaul. The musicians strike up "Cradlesong" in a lively manner. Enter NERO smirking. Silence.)

NERO: It's only a six-letter word . . .

NAUTA: . . . ?

MILES: Or . . . ?

NERO: But the loveliest word in the tongue . . .

AGRICOLA: We want a juggler!

NERO (twanging away like a wire-fence in a hurricane):

"Tis but a two-syllable word . . .

MANAGER (Off): Off!

SEQUENCE 6

(Nero's dressing-room, high, wide and handsome. NERO sobs into a pile of cushions, his lyre flung into an embrasure, where it is caught on an aurochs' horn. SENECA at the door is trying to quieten the MANAGER. He returns and lays a rather veined hand on the stricken lad.)

SENECA. You must be philosophical, son. Maybe there's something we could think up to improve your act.

(Enter a MESSENGER. He takes a stance.)

MESSENGER. The Emperor Claudius, your stepfather, great-uncle, adoptive father and father-in-law has been poisoned by your mother Agrippina. Pushing Britannicus, the rightful heir, out of the way, she has arranged for you to be the next Emperor. All Hail, All Hail.

NERO: Seneca, I don't want to sit on a throne and wear a crown and have everybody bow down to me. I just want to be a good troupier. Shall I ever make the grade?

SENECA: Just limber up your wrist movement, son, and you'll do fine.

NERO: Comb the Empire for the finest teachers of music. Get me a booking on the Greek circuit. Conquer Armenia. Debase the currency. See that Agrippina is assassinated.

[Exit MESSENGER]

I'll just try it once more . . .

It's only a six-letter word . . .

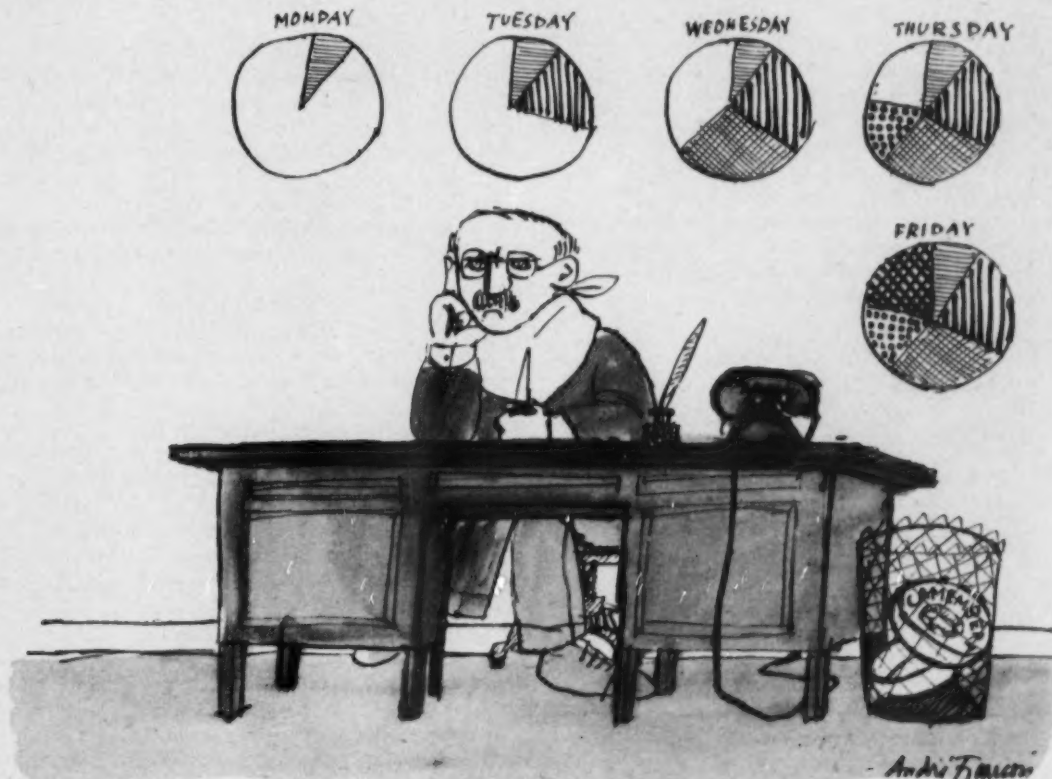
Did you hear how I got a sob in my voice on the A natural?

SEQUENCE 7

(Chariot races.)

SEQUENCE 8

(NERO wanders through a typical Greek city incognito while cheering crowds throng the busy market-place. In a back street he is attracted by the sound of a blind fiddler. He watches carefully and is convinced he could learn the instrument. The



fiddler is offhand. NERO pays him for a quick lesson and then, telling the incurious fiddler who he is, walks away.)

## SEQUENCE 9

(An enormous audience pours into the theatre at Athens. Bright sunshine. Air of expectation. Glimpses of the opening acts: a troupe of Syrian tumblers, a snake-charmer and a rhapsodist. Trumpets and gongs warn the excited auditorium of NERO's approach.)

NERO (accompanying himself on the fiddle and much more at home on it than he ever was on the lyre):

A pal is a pal is a pal.

A prayer is a prayer is a prayer.

A baby's first kiss is a foretaste of bliss,

The bliss that the blessed will share.

An orphan's an orphan's an orphan.

No longer have I Mother's care.

But I know that to-night her sweet gaze calm and bright

Is watching her boy from Up There.

(Violent applause. NERO is borne in triumph to his dressing-room.

He reclines on a couch arrogantly. Enter SENECA beaming.)

SENECA: I knew you had it in you, son. That double-stopping, jiminy-cricket!

NERO: Dare not to praise Caesar save on bended knee.

SENECA: Well, I can see I've come to the end of the help I can give you, except maybe to remind you that life is like baling straw. First . . .

NERO: To the lions with him. Am I not Nero? Does not my shadow o'ercast the sun and make the moon to wane?

BYSTANDERS: Yes.

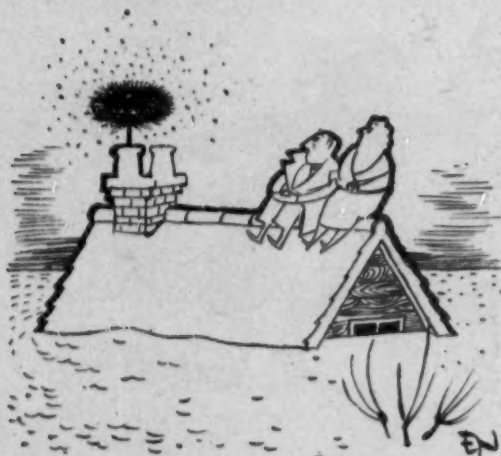
## SEQUENCE 10

(The journey to Rome by road and ship. Anxiety in the city as the tyrant approaches. Shots of mutterings.)

## SEQUENCE 11

(A room in the Palace. NERO paces furiously.)

NERO: Agrippina my mother, Seneca my teacher, Britannicus my step-brother, Octavia my wife . . . Who shall die next? No. Who deserves to live? Art is long, life is short. Ho, there, Petronius, master of my revels, have the



lyric-slaves make me a song on that theme before sundown. Does Rome deserve its good fortune? Let it perish while my music lives.

(Claps hands. Instant bustle. Various officials rush in and out receiving whispered orders. Close-up of NERO chuckling in an arty kind of way.)

## SEQUENCE 12

(The population of Rome promenade gravely on their way to the theatre, where a particularly strong bill is headed by NERO on his return from his triumphs in Greece. Incendiaries skulk busily. The fire begins but nobody tries to extinguish it until it has had a chance. Solid marble palaces, transformed from brick by Augustus, burst into crackling flame. In the narrow streets there is confusion. The glow in the sky is prismatic and extensive. It is one hell of a fire.)

## SEQUENCE 13

(Calm above the conflagration, NERO waits just indoors, a slave holding a violin, another a mute and a third a prompt-book with lyrics. The crackling and the shrieks rise to a crisis. With a great burst of trumpets NERO steps forth. At the first bars of "Cradlesong" the shouting and the crackling grow still. NERO works through shortened forms of his old repertoire and then launches into his latest number, the sobs in his voice mingling with a curious southing he extracts from his violin.)

NERO: Seated one day at the organ . . .

(While he saves his way through verse and chorus the camera goes off to see how the fire is getting on, dodging past the enraptured householders, and returning to NERO for the final bars.)

## SEQUENCE 14

(In response to rumours cunningly spread from the Palace, the CHRISTIANS are accused of the fire and disposed of amidst a kind of circus. In the Imperial box NERO is busy turning his thumbs up and down, which at least keeps him off the violin.)

## SEQUENCE 15

(A very short and unintelligible colloquy between two high officers in a camp. It is decided to march on Rome and depose NERO.)

## SEQUENCE 16

(NERO flees wildly through the deserted Palace. Carrying only fiddle, gold medal from the Athens Festival and resin, he makes for the suburbs, hotly pursued. In the atrium of a small villa he performs his last piece.)

NERO: There's a harp awaitin' me in Heav'n.

There's a crown awaitin' me in Heav'n.

Guess I'm aimin' for to strum till the Day of Judgment come,

Yes, I'll give them a tune right up in Heav'n.

There's a mom awaitin' me in Heav'n . . .

(Armed men pound at the door. NERO glares, stops and pettishly commits suicide.)

NERO (dying): What an artist! (Dies.)

(Enter the ARMED MEN. They start back, then subside into awe.)

MARCUS: As an Emperor he was a heel; but what an artist!

LENTULUS: Well, just fancy you thinking a modern fiddle-player can be an artist like the old-timers!

(Fade-out to "Cradlesong," unmistakably played by NERO.)

FINIS





# Trained by O'Brien

By GIDEON TODE

"SURELY this bed's rather damp?"

I was in Tipperary looking for a couple of young horses for a friend, and I knew that, in that beguiling county, unaired sheets could be as dangerous to the unwary visitor as

either the local whisky or the local horses.

"Ah! Don't worry yourself now," said Michael the boots, "the bed's never idle, glory be to God; and if it's horses you're wanting"—evidently the nature of my mission had preceded me over the Knockmealdown Mountains—"you should go and meet the crowd below at Davern's."

It lay a hundred yards down the street, this bar kept by Mr. Davern, who doubled the rôle, agreeably enough, with that of local Member of Parliament. That night, such are the calls of duty, Mr. Davern was sitting in the Dail in Dublin and the bar itself was nearly deserted.

"We were discussing the National," said Mrs. Davern, as a chair was hospitably inserted for me in the circle round the fire.

"He had the five of them in it; now he has four," went on the man in the corner. Mrs. Davern brought me abreast of the conversation. "They're talking about our local trainer, Mr. O'Brien. Early Mist's been scratched, you know, and we had such a lovely win last year. Tell him, Paddy—tell the gentleman about the great time we had last year when Early Mist came back from winning the National."

"It was a grand reception he had all right," dutifully narrated Paddy, a stoutish young cattle dealer. He stood with one hand thrust deep into his frayed overcoat; the other held a pint of stout. "There was a pipe band and twenty thousand people carrying brands of turf."

"Not twenty thousand, Paddy."

"I read it in the *Cork Examiner*. It said twenty thousand people escorted Early Mist to the Rock."

"Is that the huge rock," I intervened, "that I saw as I came into the town?"

"Sure, that's the famous Rock of Cashel," said a little dark fellow wearing a black felt hat. "It's there the ancient Kings of Munster are buried."

"And the ruined abbey on the top—it was burnt down by Cromwell, I suppose?" I asked not without irony.

"Not at all," he replied, "it was Gerald Fitzgerald, the great Earl of Kildare, that burnt it. He said he thought the Archbishop was in it."

"Was he?" I asked; but I got no answer, as Paddy had resumed his narrative.

"And when the speeches were over," he continued, "they opened barrels of stout, and it was port and whisky all over the place."

"There were people drunk that night," said a voice from the back of the circle, "that were never drunk before."

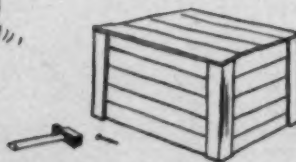
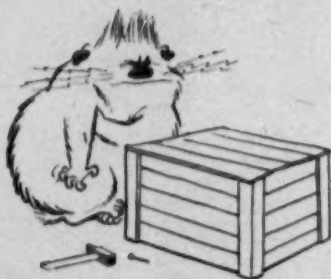
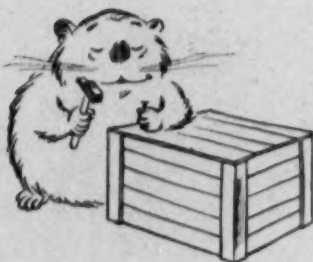
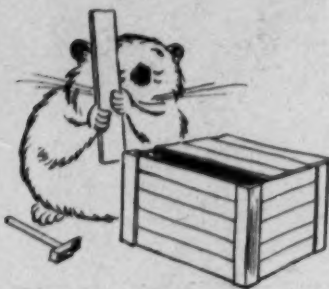
This latter, no doubt accurate, description of the civic reception received a general murmur of assent.

"And Mr. O'Brien, would he," I asked diffidently, "have any young horses for sale?"

"It could be," said the man in the corner.

"Why not try?" said Mrs. Davern. "They're such nice people and Mrs. O'Brien's a lovely girl—she's Australian."

It was, however, with a certain amount of misgiving that, next day, I approached the O'Brien establishment. It wasn't likely, I thought, that the trainer of Cottage Rake, Early Mist and Knock Hard would have anything to sell within our price, or that he would wish to part with a horse of any promise. And so it proved, but nothing could have been greater than



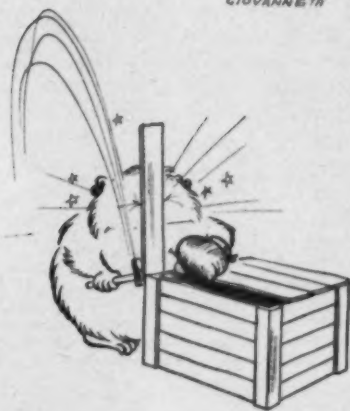


the kindness with which the O'Briens received me.

I had seen Mr. "Fonsie" O'Brien give a superb exhibition of horsemanship when he rode Royal Tan into second place three years ago, and so, naturally enough, the conversation came round to the National. Would I care to see their National horses? The three brothers (there are three of them, Vincent, Dermot and "Fonsie") were busy, but Mrs. O'Brien would gladly show me round.

I looked with wonder at the yard, all

GIOVANNETTI



built since the War. The great air of prosperity reflected its owner's efficiency and success. Knock Hard, winner of last year's Cheltenham Gold Cup, was the first horse we saw. A brilliant looking chestnut, he was full of class but not, I felt, built for Liverpool. Anyway he wasn't really a very probable starter.

When we reached Alberoni's box I was strongly advised not to enter it, as he had contracted a habit of picking up strangers in his mouth and depositing them outside the stable door. This kind of advice I always take, and, as Alberoni laid back his ears and rolled his eye, I realized that he disliked many things and the fences at Aintree might well be among them.

But the star was Royal Tan, a great specimen of a Liverpool horse with his magnificent limbs, sloping shoulder, and chaser's head. A much better horse now than ever before, and not overweighted with eleven stone seven pounds, it will take a good one to beat him. There is, however, one doubt. Twice he has made a terrible mistake at the last fence; perhaps he may do it again.

These three horses are all chestnuts, but Churchtown is a nice hard bay, and

the most sensible looking horse I have ever seen.

"This is the one I hope will win," said Mrs. O'Brien as she gave him a pat, and then, with a charming smile, "He's mine, you know. Of course he may not be as fast as Royal Tan but he has sixteen pounds less to carry and can stay for ever. Such a jumper. We have great hopes."

It was snowing on Slievenaman as the car left the O'Briens' yard, the finest stables in Ireland, and a week later I returned from the "Island of Saints and Scholars" with two young horses that I bought in Co. Waterford. If I am a little doubtful about my two purchases I have a strong belief, which I am not inclined to abandon, that much can be expected of Royal Tan and Churchtown.

As someone said late that night at Davern's, "If he doesn't start the two of them, he'll win it with the one."

"KEPT WOMAN'S  
LOAN CLUB MONEY"

Headline in the Essex Weekly News

Whatever the trouble is, she has no legal claim.

# Are You a Man, or a Mouse, or plain Maladjusted?

By LIONEL HALE

THERE was a happy, happy time when you and I read newspapers and magazines for news of earthquakes in Japan, and embezzlements from Liverpool banks, and stirring happenings in the Vosges, where farmers' wives run amok with weed-killer, poisoning (as it was discovered on exhumation) some thirteen or fourteen of their kith and kin: and very cosy these old newspapers and magazines were. Now all is changed. We readers no longer look at the world: the world looks at us. The popular sheets run "Quizzes on Your Personality." Are you the Stuff of Success? Will your Marriage last Five Years? Analyze your Charm by these Twenty Test Questions!

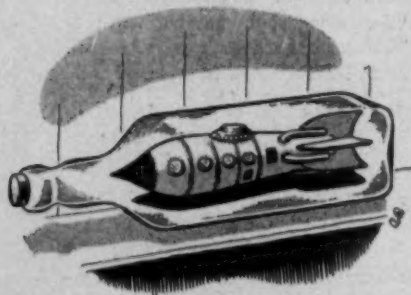
No conscientious publicist can neglect to provide this: certainly not I, who have had the devil of a conscience ever since the early days when I wrote my column "My Mum, my Dog—and Me!" (I came up the hard way). My own Quiz is all-embracing, and its title is "Are You Fit to Live?" You must keep your own score, for I cannot do everything for you. My Quiz starts very easily, but the screw tightens later.

Q. When you travel by 'bus from Sloane Square to Liverpool Street, do you (a) pay the full fare, (b) get off without paying while the conductor is upstairs, (c) tell the conductor you got on at Charing Cross?

A. (c). The essence of life is compromise. You would show an undesirable dishonesty by (b), and a reactionary rigidity of character by (a).

Q. When you meet a pretty girl at the Study Circle of the Progressive Forum, do you (a) smile and walk away, (b) offer to take her home, (c) kiss her?

A. No marks for anything but (a).



You do not want to get mixed up with the kind of girl you meet at the Progressive Forum. If you have chosen (b), I pity you: she lives four-and-sixpence-on-the-clock past Finchley, in the hinterland. As for (c) it is out of the question. Be wary of girls, we all keep on telling you, until you have met their mother, and seen what they will become. You also want to watch them at breakfast-time, some say, to observe whether they are cheerful and obliging in the morning. Frankly, I don't know how you can manage this unless you have put (c) into operation first: which, of course, makes nonsense.

Q. Do you as a weekly habit read (a) "The Spectator," (b) "The New Statesman and Nation," or (c) "Time and Tide"?

A. This may have trapped you. The answer is (a), (b) and (c). The ideal emetic-catharsis is compounded of mustard, pepper and salt.

Q. When you study contemporary Egyptian politics, do you consider that Egyptians are naturally equipped to govern (a) Egypt, (b) the Sudan, or (c) any other part of the world: and, if so, which part?

A. Yes, (c): the English Channel. They swim it with superb success, greased all over.

Q. If your Boss takes you and your wife to dinner at a "tip-top" London hotel and your wife gets excited and starts throwing bread at the head-waiter, should you (a) rebuke her, (b) pay no attention, or (c) pass it off jestingly?

A. Perhaps (c), if you can think of anything really very amusing. You could say "That *maitre-d'hôtel*'s name must be Waters: my wife is casting her bread on him." Not everybody, however, can be so brilliant and so witty as this spontaneously, and when in a cold sweat of shame. It might be better to take your host aside quietly later and tell him that you and your wife were not really married at all. White lies are quite permissible, socially, when your reputation and career are at stake.

Q. When you are putting your legs into your trousers, do you (a) always put the left leg in first, (b) always put the right

leg in first, or (c) jump in with both legs together?

A. There are no marks for any answer to this. If you have decided on (a) or (b), you are in a rut: and if you have answered (c), you are going to break your neck one of these mornings. If you cannot make up your mind at all about how to get these garments on, you are in a really bad way of indecision; and, frankly, I do not see how you are going to leave the house and go to work.

Q. If you were a member of Mau Mau with an unspeakable record, would you (a) continue your present ways, (b) surrender and be hanged, or (c) take any other action?

A. Clearly, (c). You should re-christen yourself "General Amnesty," conduct negotiations, and retire on a pension, to be paid in wives and cattle quarterly.

Q. If you are already late for luncheon in Piccadilly, and are still trying to park your car, do you (a) go mad, (b) leave the car anywhere and risk the fine, or (c) abandon the whole idea of luncheon?

A. Since you are half-mad anyway by this time, the easiest answer is (a).

Q. Do you best contribute to Anglo-American relations by (a) writing letters to the newspapers about Senator McCarthy, (b) giving lantern-lectures to U.S. airmen in East Anglian church halls, (c) describing baseball as "rounders"?

A. (b). This puts a dead stop to any Anglo-American relations or contacts whatsoever, of which there are already far too many for true friendship and mutual understanding.

Q. Finally, are you (a) a man, (b) a mouse, or (c) plain maladjusted?

A. If you are not (c), then I simply do not see how you fit in with the present state of affairs, as this leaves me at present, and hoping that you are in the best of health, together with your good lady.

"A brief-case containing jewels valued at more than £100,000 is alleged to have been switched with a similar case containing paper during a flight from Miami to New Orleans. F.B.I. agents . . . are looking for a slender man of about 40, with a stony stare."—Yorkshire Post

Or a pasty complexion.





"A loose Yes, my Lord . . ."



WHAT fun to be in the films! We collect outside the studio at dawn, marshalled like a military convoy, our orders commandingly typed on paper the colour of a police-court summons. By seven we're off on location, lumbering through the cold countryside, sanctioned to use London in the spirit of Chesterton's *Napoleon*.

A welcoming policeman beckons our file of bright pantechicons to the kerb, and we park in exciting defiance of the lamp-posts' stripes of authority. Like a travelling fair, lights, tables, trestles, and cables are swiftly arranged on the common pavement, while a van marked Caterer drops its shutters and starts serving cups of tea. A bus, shinily red from the garage, runs where none has ever run before; a request stop sprouts

## In Camera

By  
RICHARD GORDON

from the pavement like a conjurer's sunflower; a queue waits with a patience outdistancing the docile Londoners'. All round the Public gathers thickly, to stare at the Stars whose orbits so rarely touch the earth: next to a bad accident, nothing is so arresting as a film unit.

We have come only to photograph a man walking out of a shop, but nothing is uncomplicated in the film business. Soon we are rehearsed and ready, with the cold eye of the camera trained tyrannically down the street. Men who paint pictures and men who make them in the open air are equally at the disposal of the weather, and the cameraman

looks at the surly English clouds as anxiously as a Test captain committed to bat. An hour later the sun glances crossly through a ragged hole and the director cries hopefully "Action!" The wind that brings illumination now ruffles the actors' hair, and by the time a dozen small men with combs and hand-mirrors have scuttled off the set the London day-time twilight has fallen again and it looks like rain.

Suddenly the clouds break; the actors prepare to dance an antic hay while the sun shines. Now the Public becomes obstructive. The passers-by, meant to represent casual pedestrians, all turn and stare at the camera with the lunatic grins of travelogue pigmies. "Move along, please!" commands the assistant director through his electric megaphone. "Don't look at the camera, please!" He blushes at his blasphemy: the Public is



"Those of you at home who want to guess what our challenger does for a living, keep your eyes closed and I'll tell you when to open them."

god, and mentioned with the deepest reverence by everyone in the studio—except the senior producers, who speak of it with the comfortable familiarity of practised theologians. The Public delightedly obeys: such is the goodwill of the film industry, despite the films.

We aim and shoot again. "Cut!" yells the director. A hat was wrong: it was not in character. Everyone shouts urgently until the wardrobe man appears, ripe with hata. The correct one is selected, the men with hand-mirrors appear and vanish, and it begins to rain.

After the shower the actors again rehearse the fleeting scene. The camera is poised, the Public is agreeable, even the sun is palely encouraging. "Cut!" calls the director: it is time for tea. We have been drinking tea all morning, but this is the official break, a past milestone of industrial negotiation.

Only at tea-time do class distinctions show through the homogeneous unit. Until then men who earn £500 a week jostle amiably round the camera with men earning £500 a year, all equalized by the formal informality of the film industry, as punctilious over Christian names as Communists with their

"Comrades." But at tea-time rank decides whether you queue for your cup and bun yourself, or have a stand-in or assistant director to fetch it.

After tea a big, friendly, white dog sniffs its disastrous way across the camera's visual field; at the next try an observant small boy brings everyone to a standstill by yelling "Cut!" from the gutter. The director finds the dog's owner and officially presses it into the picture (the Union objects; it is not a Union dog). An outraged member of the Public complains he has a right to the footpath. Two girls call "Say cheese!" and hurry away with maniacal giggles. The sun wavers. The actors recomb their hair. Suddenly the scene is finished and shot, and it is officially time for lunch.

In the afternoon we take pictures of the same man walking into a house, until it is too dark for the amblyopic camera to see. The cry "Wrap it up!"



rings as formally as "Who goes home?" The Stars scribble a few autographs. The Caterer closes his shutters. The same policeman coaxes our convoy into the teeth of the London traffic. We leave behind only a few chalk lines on the ground, toed by the great. Our day will flicker on the screen for about ninety seconds, when the Public will be looking for its ice cream or its hat.

## Ballade of the Turn of the Tide

TWENTY capricious years  
gone by attics in Chelsea filled  
to hear each fresh poetic agony declaimed  
by youths with thinning  
hair. The candles  
smote the thickened air and opaque  
eyes with prongs  
like pain but no one whispered  
O my dear

*strict forms  
are coming  
in again*

We jarred  
the wheels of Poesy the smooth smug rubber  
running clear with  
boulders of sincerity. How  
stark our theme how *libre* our *vers* how  
fierce our dissonances were  
fled is that music  
down the drain.

The dustman  
garners our despair

*strict forms  
are coming  
in again*

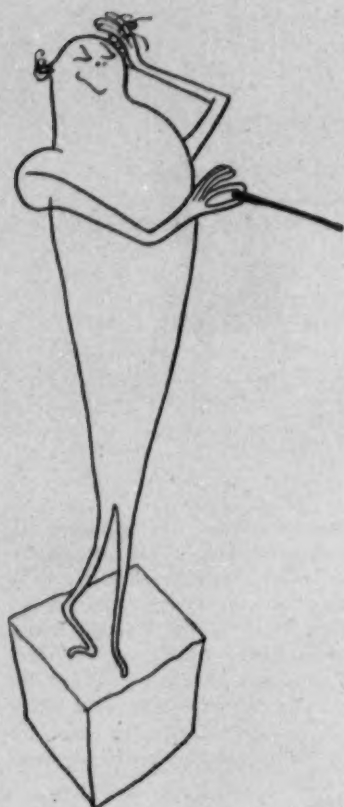
"Cry!"  
you may say  
what shall I cry more than the customary tear to  
think that men like Frederic Bligh  
lapdogs  
contented to prepare the  
same soft sonnet year by year (*Mais où  
est le preux Charlemagne!*) now  
hold the van  
and I the rear

*strict forms  
are coming  
in again*

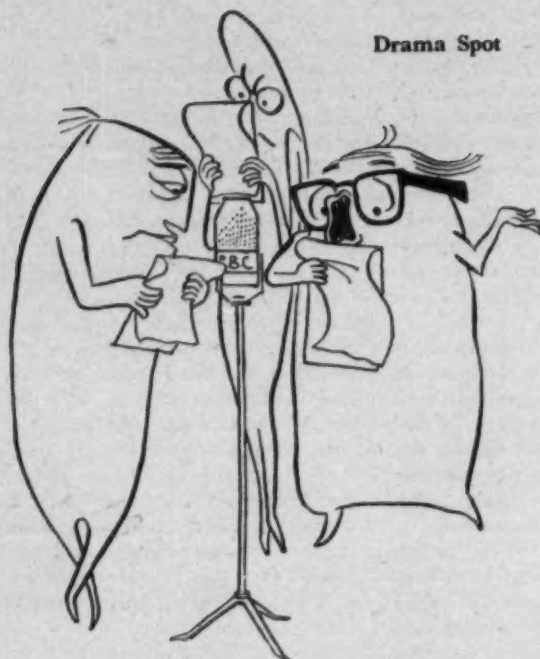
Prince, is that volume over there,  
That pinkish one beside Verlaine,  
That rhyming dictionary, spare?  
Strict forms are coming in again.

PETER DICKINSON





Maestro



Drama Spot



Contralto

## Portland Place Fauna



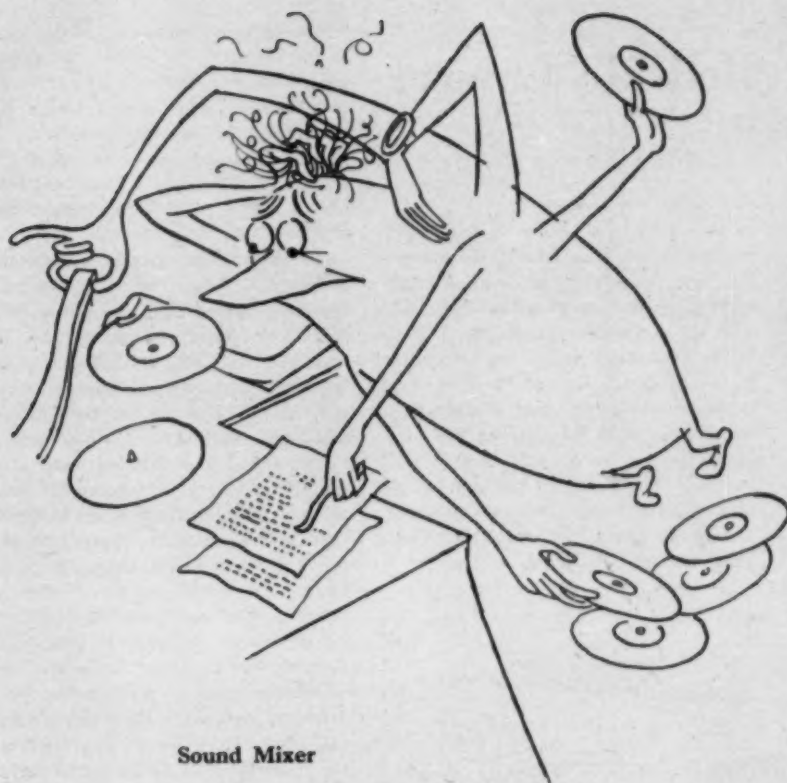
Assistant



Comedian



Script Wr



Sound Mixer



"Devon—Glorious Devon"



Control Room



HE most ludicrous experiences of life at the Bar frequently arise during what is called "Examining witnesses before an examiner."

This process, an application of the theory of Mohammed going to the Mountain, takes place when a witness is too old, feeble or generally half-witted to be brought tottering into court, and entails the arrival in some very small bedroom of a number of barristers, solicitors and their clerks. There a young barrister, appointed as examiner at the fee of five guineas an hour, holds court with what dignity he can, perched on the corner of a mahogany wash-stand, trying not to notice the fact that the windows have been screwed down for the last seven years.

Not all the witnesses are, of course,

## Bedside Lawyer

By

GEOFFREY LINCOLN

as ill as they look. Some of them have reasons for wishing to avoid the witness box and hopefully send in doctor's certificates, not realizing that the result will be a cross-examination in bed. Such cross-examinations can be dramatically effective. Recently a hawk-eyed advocate was questioning a plaintiff in an accident case who lay in bed, the blankets up to his neck, looking very ill indeed. The barrister had his papers on the end of the bed and was cautiously feeling the man's feet, which seemed to him unnaturally hard. During a

rambling answer he was heard to mutter to his solicitor, "I believe the devil's got his boots on." As the answer wound to a close he tugged at the blankets and the invalid witness was revealed to be not only wearing his boots but a blue serge suit complete with a waistcoat and a heavy gold watch chain and Albert.

The most difficult task of the young barrister, to whom an appointment as examiner seems at first sight to offer easy money, is to conduct the proceedings with dignity. As his only duties are to administer the oath to the witness and record objections to the evidence this might seem easy. With confidence he gets the platoon of lawyers assembled round the bed in some hospital ward, arranges the shorthand writer under the light and is about to begin the proceedings when a larky house doctor in a white coat comes in to examine the patient, says something like "What a lot of crooks you lawyers look," and, flipping over the pages of the testament which the examiner has just bought at his own expense, asks if it's a racing calendar. Even more ill-omened was the opening of the examination which took place in a large block of flats in Brighton. A sick and sinister co-respondent was to be examined and a convoy of lawyers, led by two burly and hectoring Queen's Counsel, forced their way into a flat where a little insignificant man was seen sitting up in bed wearing a muffler and reading a work of science fiction. Bewildered but unprotesting he watched the enormous red-faced men range themselves round his bed, saw the preparations made for his words to be transcribed, and exchanged, with only a little reluctance, his copy of *Girls of the Stratosphere* for a Bible on which he swore to tell the whole truth. It was only after he had been closely questioned for some time about his relations with a well-known cabaret artist that it became obvious that a solicitor's clerk had mistaken the number of the flat.

The difficulty, of course, is that the restraining atmosphere of the Law Courts is absent. In a bedroom in North Oxford the evidence of the eccentricities of a testatrix, described by her ancient crony, seem more intimate and vivid. "There was nothing wrong with her," she gasps, "only she had a habit of neighing like a horse, and of



"Come in."



jumping out of hedges at night, stark naked but for her husband's bowler hat." Such pieces of evidence are listened to with dignity in court, but in small bedrooms at least the shorthand writer may be overcome by unseemly mirth.

Most disconcerting of all, perhaps, are the unauthorized interruptions which the examiner has to exclude from the evidence to be put before the Judge at the trial. He will find himself in a suburban parlour, equipped with television and plaster galleons on the wall, where a lady who reclines on a sofa, looking the picture of health, is to be cross-examined about her friendship with Fred, the respondent in a divorce case. Fred, who has not been allowed in the house by the lady's husband Joe, can be observed outside in the garden trying to prompt the witness by means of signs. This sort of dialogue is liable to take place:

*Counsel:* I put it to you that ten years ago . . .

*Joe (appearing unexpectedly round the sitting room door):* Cool! We didn't expect all you lot. You gents like a nice cup of tea when it's all over?

*The Examiner:* That'd be very nice. Don't put that down in the note, Mr. Shorthand Writer.

*Counsel:* I put it to you that the respondent stayed with you at Worthing.

*The Witness:* Lies. He never. Here Joe, come back. Now they're saying Fred stayed at Worthing . . .

*Joe (reappearing):* The idea! Milk and sugar in all?

*The Examiner:* You mustn't interrupt.

*Counsel:* I am asking the witness . . .

*Joe:* And a few sweet biscuits?

*Counsel (with hauteur):* I want nothing to eat or drink in this house.

*The Examiner (faintly):* Perhaps a biscuit . . . Don't put that down on the shorthand note. . . .

You see the sort of thing? On the whole the best thing to do with witnesses is to bring them to court, even if you have to use a stretcher.

"The Post Office is starting a big programme of anti-bandit defences—grilles, electrical alarms and what not—at local offices. It is tremendously hush-hush. Every word of publicity (they say officially) might help the bandits."—*Daily Express*  
Their secret is safe with us.

## Portrait of the Artist



MR. REG BUTLER

*POLITICAL prisoners once were made to expiate their wrongs  
In the horrible Iron Maiden, with its horrible iron prongs;  
But modern political prisoners meet with a far, far pleasanter fate,  
And as for my iron Woman, why, she's one of the toasts of the Tate.*

B. A. Y.



"So you promise delivery of the £2,500,000 diesel generator on November 9. What time?"

## Pay Up and Be Damned

By H. F. ELLIS

**P**ROVIDED always that it shall have the approval of not more than five nor less than six such persons as may be laid from time to time before each House of Parliament, and without prejudice to the right of the Postmaster-General to require the Authority to refrain from broadcasting, with or without visual images, any matter or classes of matter whatsoever, the Authority shall have power to permit such programme contractors or agents of programme contractors as are not at the material time under suspension or in gaol for contravening the provisions of Clauses 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, to insert in their programmes tiny little snippets about proprietary boots, cigarettes, etc., always provided that the following requirements are complied with, that is to say—

- (a) the boots are predominantly British;
- (b) no clergyman or other religious

body shall give, or cause to be given, any opinion about anything or encourage or incite crime or give an offensive representation of any member of the Authority or detract from the cultural value of the programme by immoderate dancing or gestures calculated to mislead;

(c) subject as hereinafter provided, without prejudice to the foregoing.

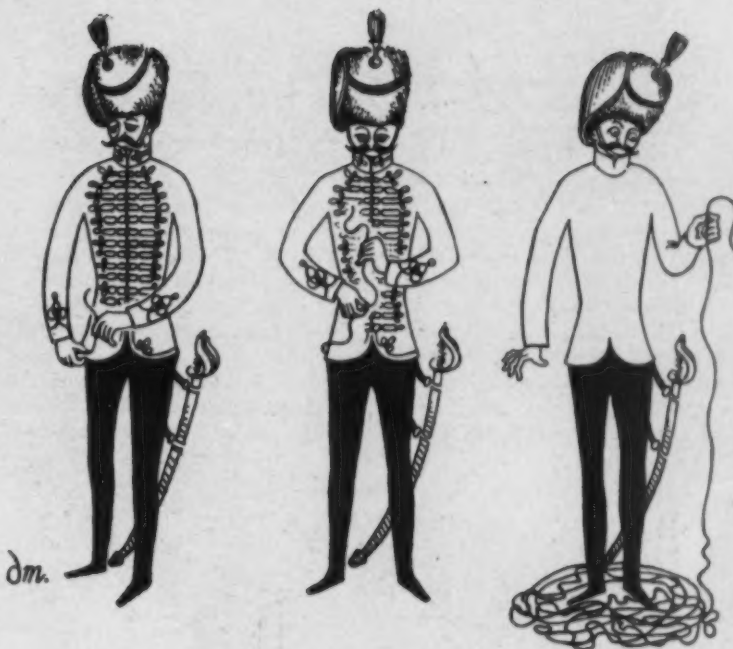
The above does not pretend to be more than a précis of the main provisions of the Television Bill. I have had to leave out some important sections dealing with methods of controlling the rush of advertisers who will want to enrol under this new banner of freedom. But the structure of the proposed organization is clear. At the top, of course, comes Parliament, which in virtue of a contribution of three quarters of a million per annum will have the right to be kept pretty closely informed about what is going on and to put a stop to most of it. Below Parliament comes

the Postmaster-General, who it is safe to say (without putting oneself to the trouble of reading right through the Bill again) is entitled to interfere in almost every conceivable way. Next, occupying a middle position in what is perhaps the most closely-knit pyramid of maiden aunts ever conceived by the mind of man, appears the oddly-named "Independent Television Authority," which is to be "a body corporate with perpetual succession and a common seal and power to hold land without licence in mortmain."

It is difficult to get a clear mental picture of the Authority. At first, as one starts reading the Bill, one sees it as a benevolent little committee of experienced and high-minded men (a Chairman, a Deputy Chairman, and from five to eight other members) who will keep a supervisory eye on the lusty new infant of commercial television, checking its extravagances and comforting it

when it stumbles. But, as one reads on, this picture dissolves. The Authority is not merely to chide and advise; it is "to establish, install, and use stations for wireless telegraphy; to provide and equip studios for television broadcasting purposes . . ." It is to own, in fact, great buildings, huge aerials, complicated control boards, miles and miles of corridors. It will employ thousands of technicians, typists, engineers. More, it is itself to arrange supplementary programmes and parts of programmes, so that it will need producers, cameramen, underlings to whittle down the fees of script-writers. It can even accept advertisements in its own programmes, and heaven knows how large a staff is needed to whittle up the rates charged to advertisers. By the end of Clause 4 the small Committee we started with has grown into a sort of super-B.B.C. But if it has grown in size, it has also dwindled in stature. For at every turn—at every subsection almost—the Postmaster-General is after it like a dog after a rat, demanding to see its accounts, insisting on frequent consultations, dwelling darkly on his right to dismiss. Like some giant squid or octopus, the cumbrous organization dilates and contracts before our eyes.

Pitiable, however, as is the final condition of the Authority, it is nothing to the miserable state of subservience of the programme contractor. Ground between the upper millstone of the Authority's determination that all programmes shall be impartial, British, balanced, unlikely to lead to disorder, and pleasing to the Postmaster-General,



and the nether millstone of the advertisers' desire to have their products associated with programmes that somebody will with luck switch on, the programme contractor's life seems, to an outside observer, likely to be unenviable.

Finally, prostrate at the bottom of this immense pyramid, lie the advertisers themselves. The Bill does not actually refer to these gentlemen as lepers; but it makes it pretty clear that by the time Parliament and the Postmaster-General and the Authority and the Programme Contractors have all had their say and drawn up lists and laid down regulations as to what may or may not be advertised, and the *methods* that may or may not be employed in advertising, and the maximum *time* that may be spent in advertising, and the vital importance of keeping clergymen and politicians out of it—by the time all this has been done, the advertisers' opportunities to corrupt the morals and disrupt the social structure of the State will be severely curtailed.

Oddly, as anyone knows who has read the Memorandum put out almost a year ago by the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers and the Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising, the advertisers themselves will be the last to complain. The "Draft Suggestions for the Regulation of Programmes," which form part of the

Memorandum (and appear to be based on the absurd premise that advertisers and their agents are respectable, patriotic, moral and God-fearing citizens), propose safeguards that the Postmaster-General himself, with all his ingenuity, might never have thought of unaided. That "no appeal should be made to children to help characters in a story by sending in box-tops, wrappers or labels" is one example. The inclusion of undertakers, together with matrimonial agencies and "fortune-tellers and the like," in the list of those whose advertisements should be banned is another.

So let us take courage. Adding their own self-imposed sanctions to the provisions of the Bill, the regulations that will be made by the Authority, the pressure of public opinion, the strictures of TV critics and the vigilant eye of the Postmaster-General, it looks as if the advertisers will be pretty securely bound hand and foot. Just enough freedom of movement will be left them, of course, to enable them to put their hands in their pockets and pay for the thing.

#### Snowman, Latest

"Ice-cream vendors, expecting to earn about £1 an hour in the next few days, have arranged for huge socks to supply the city's 1,600,000 citizens."

Wolverhampton Express and Star





SO you're the lecturer, are you? Glad you've got here at last. For my sins, I'm supposed to be your chairman to-night. I hope you won't mind my slipping away as soon as I've introduced you. The fact is, I've got a lot on to-night—a meeting of the Sanitary Committee at the Town Hall, then judging a Fancy Dress Parade at the Victoria Rooms. That's the worst of being in what people are pleased to call "public life." You never have a moment to yourself. I suppose I've got a name for being an easy-going, good natured sort of chap with a gift of the

## The Lecture

By JOHN BETJEMAN

gab, and one gets all sorts of odd jobs landed on one that other people seem to fight shy of. All the odds and bods ask you to preside at this and open that and judge what have you.

Now forgive my asking you, what's your name? Sorry what? Say it again, will you? Benjamin? Oh, Benchman. Any prefix, title or anything? Sounds good if I can say "Dr." or "Professor"

or "Sir Alfred" or what have you. Oh, just plain Mr. Very well then. Now I know you'll forgive me: I ought to know, but what are you talking about? Architecture! Well I've been in tighter corners than this at sea, though I can't say I have the faintest inkling about architecture or architects except that they generally forget to put the staircases in the houses they build. Still, I'll manage to say something.

\* \* \* \* \*

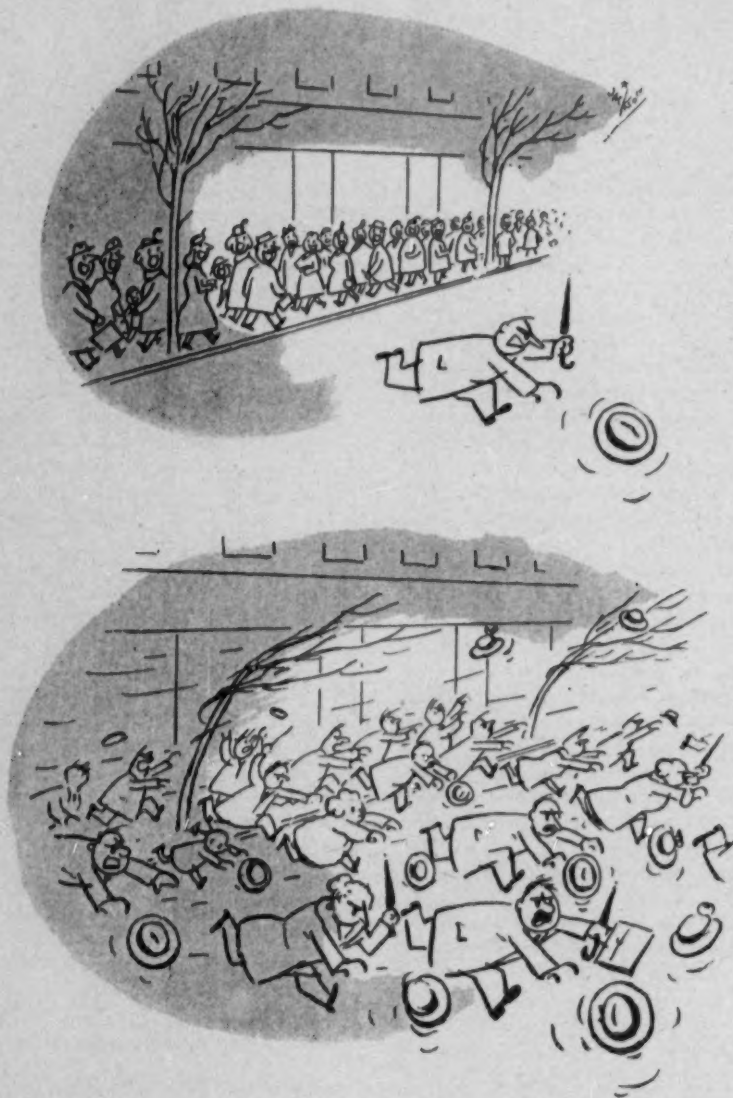
Oh Mr. Baychmarn—there you are. I see you've met your chairman, our deputy Mayor. He's a frightfully busy person. So nice of him to come. Now wouldn't you like to put your things down, Mr. Baychmarn? Did you have to walk all the way from the station? I'm so sorry and on a wet night too. I expect there were no taxis. Oh are these your slides? I hope they're the right size for our projector. I must tell you you've struck a rather unlucky night. There's a dance at the Victoria Rooms, and there's just been a big bazaar at the Conservative Association and I fear that many of our members will be too tired to turn out again to-day, and then there's the weather. If I had known it was going to turn out like this I would have hired a smaller hall. But still, having advertised your lecture in the main hall, it would have been too late to change the venue at the last minute. The first two rows are nearly filled and we generally allow people ten minutes' or so grace. So you may get a few more. Do let me introduce you to Mrs. Pytchely. She is the wife of one of our most progressive councillors.

As a matter of fact, Miss Linthwaite, I wanted a word with our deputy Mayor...

Oh here is Miss Staddlestone, Mr. Baychmarn, who I'm sure is longing to meet you. She is most interested in all old things, so you will have a lot in common.

\* \* \* \* \*

I did want to speak to you *before* your lecture, Mr. Bergman. It's about the iniquitous proposal by our town council here to turn Sisam's barn into a county library. Sisam's barn is one of the gems of the place. It was built in 1455 by one Dubritius de Whaplode—I can show you a copy of the title deeds afterwards if you'd care to come to my cottage for coffee, and I think it more than probable that it is on the site of the very midden



Rawlinson refers to in his two-volume history of the town—you will know it, of course, an invaluable work, though it has its inaccuracies—so that its history goes back even beyond its present building—if you can get anything in about it in your lecture I'm sure all the friends of what is really beautiful in this town...

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh Mr. Baychmarn, I'm sorry to say the lantern operator tells me your slides are the wrong size for his instrument. Now what are we going to do? It is too late to get another lantern. I'm afraid there's been a slip up somewhere. I'm afraid you'll have to lecture without slides and I will ask your chairman to make his apologies to the audience.

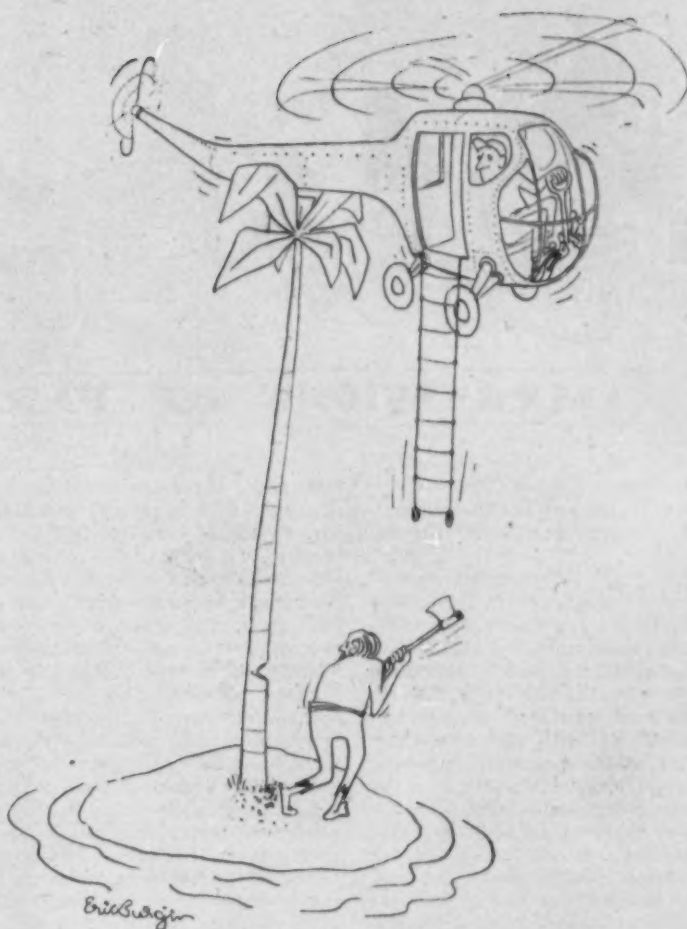
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Are we ready to begin? It doesn't look as though there'll be any more coming and I must get along to the Town Hall. Ladies and gentlemen, this is not the first time, as your deputy-Mayor, that I have appeared before the Literary and Philosophical Institute of our historic town, and it gives me great pleasure to be here this evening to introduce the Lecturer Mr. Bletchington, I beg his pardon, Mr. Betchington, who is going to speak to you on the subject of architecture. Now there's only one thing I know about architects, and that is that if you employ one he designs you a slap-up house but then forgets to put in the staircase (*laughter*). No doubt Mr. Bletchington will be able to put you right on this point and I only wish I could stay to listen to him. But I must look after your interests in another quarter, namely at the Sanitary Committee in the Town Hall. There's one notice your indefatigable secretary asks me to give out. As Mr. Bletchington has brought the wrong size slides for our magic-lantern there will be no slides this evening. In fact it will be all talk and no pictures, and now without more ado I will ask our lecturer to commence his lecture.

"Dr. G— said that W— did several of the tests quite well. W— told him he had been to a very good dinner and had a good deal to drink at it. He was certain that his car had touched nothing."

*Bristol Evening Post*

Sure? Not just a teeny anti-freeze and water?

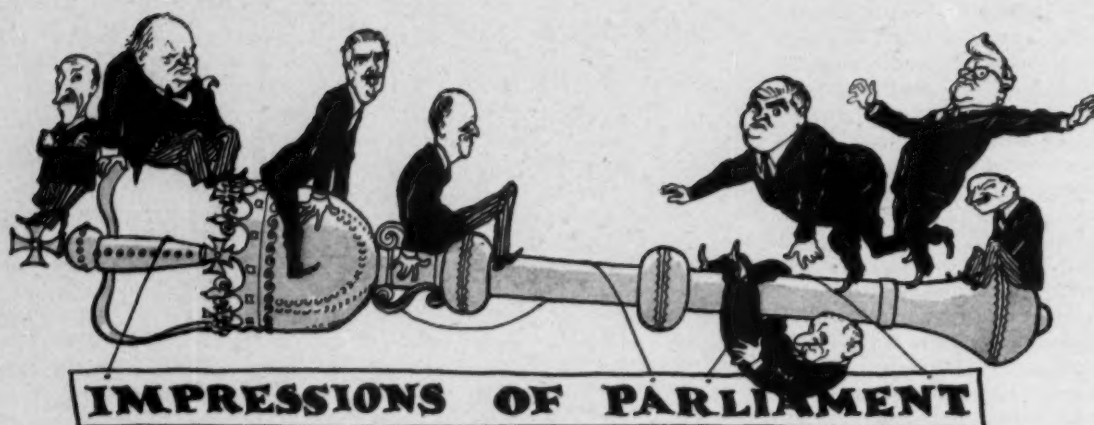


## Sonnet for St. Patrick's Day

THE Emerald Isle is bottle-glass. The vogue  
Somehow neglects the wearing of the green.  
No more on Columkill the kings colloque.  
Charm is more chancy than it must have been  
Before the average age of the colleen  
Was rising forty. Speaking with a brogue  
Will no more pass for wit, nor a spalpeen  
For something nicer than an English rogue.

The Emerald Isle is emptying. Every day  
The figures settle down to a new low.  
A dying people's every attribute  
Has the same amack suggestive of decay:  
And where the mind was sterile long ago,  
Always in time the body follows suit.

P. M. HUBBARD

**Monday, March 8**

Before Mr. LENNOX-BOYD introduced the civil aviation estimates, Mr. FRANK BESWICK proposed an amendment to reduce the vote by a token thousand pounds. What his charge amounted to was that the Government were trying to build up a private-enterprise undertaking behind the façade of a nationalized industry, that in fact B.O.A.C. and B.E.A. had been deprived of the chance of operating freight, charter and troop services while the independent firms strengthened their grip on these activities. Mr. BESWICK, who radiates a real love of civil aviation, was restrained and convincing; it was left to Mr. MIKARDO to call the Government's policy a "large-scale wangle" and to accuse the Minister of conniving at breaches of the law by the private enterprises. Mr. LENNOX-BOYD answered the accusations with a kind of outraged infallibility; but their basic justice was virtually admitted by Mr. JACK PROFUMO in his winding-up speech, when he said that the Government had been elected on Conservative principles, and it must not depress the Opposition when they acted on them.

**Tuesday, March 9**

Ladies on both sides of the House dropped their differences to combine against the common enemy, man. Miss WARD fired the first shot with a petition calling for equal pay for equal work wherever men and women served in the same jobs. She was, as usual, brief, loud, positive and good-tempered. Mr. CHARLES PANNELL, who followed, carried altogether different armament. Miss WARD's petition bore eighty thousand signatures, including sixteen hundred

House of Commons:  
Uncivil Aviation

House of Commons:  
Battleships

from nuns, whom one would not have thought would be greatly concerned. Mr. PANNELL's bore one million, two hundred and eighty-two thousand, and was a Trade Union outfit; Mr. PANNELL presented it with appropriate pomp and prolixity while relays of attendants carried the tape-bound sheaves of foolscap up to the Table, and then carried them away again.

A row of twenty-five questions about various aspects of equal pay then faced the Chancellor. Mr. BUTLER played them back without giving anything away; and it is sad to say that no one seemed to regard the proceedings as anything but farcical. Finally Mr. DOUGLAS HOUGHTON introduced a Bill under the ten-minutes rule in which he proposed that equal pay should be established as from the day following the dissolution of the present parliament.

The main business of the day was the Navy estimates, which Mr. J. P. L. THOMAS introduced with his customary efficiency. His course ran largely parallel with that traversed last week by Mr. GEORGE WARD—manpower problems, improved terms of service, and hints of fabulous developments to come, but not this week. Mr. THOMAS pleased both sides of the House on the whole, so that when Mr. CALLAGHAN replied he was so short of critical ammunition that he had to fall back on good safe controversies like the value of the battleship and the rival claims of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force to rule the skies.

An admirable maiden speech by Mr. TOM IREMONGER (with a naval escort, Captain RYDER, V.C., on one side and Commander BENNETT on the other) continued what proved to be a rather tedious debate. When, after midnight, Mr. MIKARDO spoke for sixty-five minutes it was clear what was going on.

And on it went. Ultimately Commander NOBLE was able to wind up, with a few more revelations of future might, as the clocks approached six.

**Wednesday, March 10**

Unhappy Mr. THOMAS, after being kept nearly until breakfast-time by the protracted discussions on the Navy estimates, was first in for questions only a few hours later. He was obviously tired but as courteous as ever, even with Members who raised a fuss about what they imagined to be undue extravagance over the building of the Queen's yacht.

Under the ten-minutes rule, Mr. WOODROW WYATT introduced a Bill to prevent the profits of "non-profit-making" theatrical enterprises being used to subsidize associated companies with less high principles. He illustrated his thesis by demonstrating how Mr. "Binkie" Beaumont was able by means of the tax concession granted to Tennent Productions, Ltd. (non-profit-making) to pay vast salaries to theatrical knights and dames, and at the same time pay a "management fee" to H. M. Tennent, Ltd. (profit-making). Mr. WYATT's case sounded unanswerable until Mr. SYDNEY SILVERMAN, apparently on the spur of the moment, bounced up and answered it by means of an excursion into dramatic criticism. Mr. SILVERMAN's opposition to the Bill muted those Members who may have felt unsympathetic to Mr. WYATT's argument, but who felt rather more strongly the inadvisability of being found in the same camp as Mr. SILVERMAN; and the House gave leave for the Bill to be introduced.

A variety of measures were then discussed, but the only one to arouse any great interest in the weary House was

House of Commons:  
Morning After



the City of London (Various Powers) Bill, which gave them a chance to talk about air pollution.

# Thursday, March 11

Lord STANSFORD moved a resolution in the Upper House disapproving of "political or religious tests" for Boy Scouts.

House of Lords :  
Boy Scout Beliefs  
House of Commons :  
Army Estimates

When, he said, a Scout promises to do his duty to God and to the Queen, "Queen" doesn't really mean "Queen," and "God" doesn't really mean "God." (If, he added, you accept all who believe in a God but reject those who don't, the Scout movement would be open to "General China" but would exclude Professor Gilbert Murray—clearly an unfair arrangement.) Lord Rowallan sawed through this Gordian granny of misguided libertarianism with a heavy sweep of his Scout knife, and earned himself a cheer from both sides and the support of every Peer who intervened in the debate. Of these, there were no fewer than ten, including the Marquess of SALISBURY, who gave a kind of *ex gratia* winding-up for the Government. Their unanimity was wonderful. It was clear that everyone was out of step except Lord STANSFORD; and even he confessed that there had been moments when he wished that he had not put down his resolution.

Mr. Paul Garland, with whom the fuss had originated, sat in the Gallery, wearing a red tie. Professor Gilbert Murray was not present.

In the Commons, Mr. HEAD made an impressive job of introducing the Army estimates. He deployed his facts and



Lord Stansford

his many figures with wit and grace and without any notes at all. The pattern was a familiar one—manpower difficulties met with concessions in terms of service; but no promises of wonderful new equipment this time to cheer things up. The pattern of the debate was familiar too, modulating through a variety of episodes to reach out far into the new day. The Egyptian divagation was particularly instructive.

It was sparked off by an amendment in Mrs. CASTLE's name calling attention to living conditions in the Canal Zone, but few Members concerned themselves with that aspect of the discussion. On the other hand, an admirable opportunity was provided for Mr. BEVAN to

make obeisance to the Egyptians, and for Mr. WILLIAM GRIFFITHS to come out with the kind of attack on the character of British soldiers abroad that lowers their morale far more effectively than the worst living conditions the Canal Zone can offer.

# Friday, March 12

The debate continued with unflagging energy into the morning—though it was not difficult to see where the fuel from the

energy came from. It was Colonel LIPTON's turn for the marathon performance, and he exceeded Mr. MIKARDO's time by a comfortable margin. From four o'clock onwards (as Mr. IAN HARVEY later found it necessary to point out) every speaker came from the Opposition benches, and the firm of MIKARDO, SWINGLER, DRIBERG and Co., glowed with satisfaction.

Colonel JAMES HUTCHISON, the Parliamentary Secretary, rose to wind up at ten fifty-seven, and punctiliously answered the enormous list of points he had amassed during the preceding twenty hours. Mr. HEAD sat beside him twiddling a penknife, but many of the Members who had raised the points were missing from the Chamber.

Finally, after one Vote had been passed in Committee, the Closure was moved at half past twelve, and the SWINGLER-MIKARDO, etc. combination came out into the open and explained what they really wanted, which was two full days to each Service estimate. The sitting came to a welcome end at ten to one.

B. A. YOUNG



A concerted attack on the Chancellor by Mesdames Bacon, Ward, Ford, Castle and Summerskill.



Cummings

# NEG



Neg's luck has held. Will Nass and Salah keep it up? Don't miss the next exciting instalment!



## BOOKING OFFICE

### Notes by W. Shakespeare?

The Annotator. Alan Keen and Roger Lubbock. Putnam, 21/-

IN June 1940—not the most favourable of all moments for concentrating the mind on historical research—Mr. Alan Keen, an antiquarian bookseller, was going through recent purchases from a country library when he noticed a marginal note in a volume by Edward Halle called *The Union of the two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancastre and York*. The writing was Elizabethan. It turned out that the book, a poor copy, rebound, was profusely annotated.

Halle (or Hall), an Old Etonian from the Welsh Border, who has been described as "the first journalist M.P.," published this *Chronicle* in 1548. His book, of which this was the fourth edition, was not intended as a simple history, but aimed at showing the appalling destruction caused by civil dissension, a state of chaos ended in England by the Tudor supremacy. Halle was a fervent Protestant. He preceded Holinshed (who drew largely upon his narrative) by about thirty years, and Shakespeare is now recognized as having used Halle as a source, as well as Holinshed, the chronicler to whom he owed so much of his historical material.

It seemed strange to Mr. Keen that so much trouble had been taken to preserve this rather damaged copy of a relatively common book. He made various investigations, and here demonstrates his reasons for supposing that these notes may have been made by Shakespeare himself; and, if so, the conclusions that may be drawn from them. His detective work was shared by Mr. Roger Lubbock, though for the sake of clarity their story is told in the first person. Nothing could be less dogmatic than the manner in which their findings are put forward.

Halle's book had originally belonged to one "Richard Newport," who inscribed his name in it more than once; and it will not come as a surprise to anyone who has ever taken part in

research of this sort to hear that there immediately turned out to be two contemporaries of that name. One Richard Newport immediately proved to have distant but definite connections with Shakespeare.

It might be as well to interpolate here that Shakespeare was relatively "well connected." The Victorians loved to think of him as the son of a butcher, holding horses' heads for a living, and

Ercall, maternal grandfather of Lord Herbert of Chisbury and George Herbert, the poet. However, so far from being a disappointment, this Richard possessed Shakespearean connections far superior to his namesake. He was related to the Ardens, to Mary Fitton, the supposed "Dark Lady," to Lord Southampton, the poet's patron, to Sir Thomas Lucy, the poet's legendary persecutor—and not a few more.

We now turn to the notes made in the margin of Halle's *Chronicle*. Halle, it will be remembered, was stoutly Protestant and aggressively patriotic. The Annotator is no less chauvinistic ("6000 frenchmen assaulted 300 englishe men & gatte no honour"—"Note the howardyce of the frenche men"—"A cowardlye acte of 306 horsemen of fraunce"—"weake aunswer of the dolphin"—"lamentable verses made by the parisians," etc.) but he also has a strong Roman Catholic bias.

The gist of Mr. Keen's argument is that Shakespeare may have spent some of the "unknown years" with the Heskeths of Rufford in Lancashire, but there is far more in his book than this bare statement suggests. It must be admitted that the arguments for the Annotator being the Poet are very taking; and, once the reader is won over to this view, every comment is enthralling. Unfortunately most of the notes are obviously made for the practical purpose of extracting the salient points from the *Chronicle*, rather than for giving the opinions of the Annotator himself. However, we get an occasional reflection, such as "*Scotland a contray barren of pleasure & goodness*."

Obviously one of the most important aspects of the question is a comparison of the Annotator's handwriting with the known writing of Shakespeare. Mr. H. T. F. Rhodes provides an appendix dealing with this matter. It is disturbing to find that the deterioration in the Poet's signature is to be associated "with disturbances of the central nervous system" of which "alcoholism is the most common and consistent cause." The Annotator was evidently quite a young man, and, although his writing shows differences in design to that of



treated generally as a rogue and vagabond. An examination of his position in the light of modern genealogical research suggests a very different picture, and, as the authors of this book point out, it is very doubtful, for example, whether his mother even regarded herself as having married a trifle beneath her.

The point is worth making because these investigations plunge the reader into a morass of Shakespearean relationships, of which this Richard Newport is the first. Mr. Keen could not examine the signatures of the two Richard Newports until the end of the war—when, on seeing them, it became immediately plain that the book had belonged to the Richard Newport who did not possess the obvious association with Shakespeare.

The owner of Halle's book turned out to be Sir Richard Newport of High



Shakespeare, the individual characteristics are on the whole consistent with the undisputed signatures.

For those who enjoy Shakespearean research—or indeed literary detective work of any kind—*The Annotator* is very strongly recommended.

ANTHONY POWELL

**The Bandit on the Billiard Table.** Alan Ross. Photographs by A. Costa. Verschoyle, 25/-

This account of a short holiday tour in Sardinia does not go very deep, but it paints surfaces agreeably. There are late trains and good food and bad food and a bit of art and a bit of rather chunky history and an occasional chat with the locals. Mr. Ross's metaphor-clotted prose, with its meticulously-chosen adjectives and its floppy, occasionally ungrammatical syntax, has some happy hits. Unhappily, the determination to describe every colour and every shape by comparing it to something else, sometimes repeating the comparison a few pages later on, slows down reading, fatigues attention and ends by making the whole scene one bright blur.

At his best, Mr. Ross can describe what he sees so vividly that it is a pity he did not have someone to edit him. The sensible excursus on "Sea and Sardinia" makes one wish that the book contained more discussion. So many aspects of Sardinia, from politics to sex, are scamped that for their sake one would willingly dispense with a funny bus-driver or two.

R. G. G. P.

**Crete.** D. M. Davin. Geoffrey Cumberlege, 30/-

The battle of Crete lasted, from start to finish, twelve days; the Allied forces involved numbered about forty-four thousand, of whom eight thousand were New Zealanders. In making a thick book about the New Zealand Division's part in the battle, therefore, Major Davin has gone very deeply into detail, the operations being described sometimes at platoon level, sometimes at section level, quite often at individual level.

Although he shows great skill in

knitting all this material into a coherent story, it must be admitted that his account moves rather slowly and that the trees sometimes obscure the wood. As a technical analysis of the battle, in which the Germans' first important parachute operation so nearly failed, this latest volume of the official New Zealand war history is, however, invaluable; and for New Zealanders, and those who fought with them in this brave encounter, one would say indispensable.

B. A. Y.

**Silver Spoon.** Lord Grantley. Edited by Mary and Alan Wood. Hutchinson, 18/-

Lord Grantley can look back on three consecutive careers, in each of which he attained first-class honours. Before 1914 he was a leading knut; after shattering war-wounds borne with stoic courage he became an international financier; in 1932 he entered the world of films at the bottom and quickly rose to the top.

But it is the queer contretemps which have dotted his fascinating life that make his story enthralling. Has any other man known a butler (named Butler) who one evening announced his intention of taking his own life, and after duly handing over responsibility to the first footman carried his intention into effect? Has anyone else been cited as co-respondent while actually conducting a ceremonial interview with his prospective mother-in-law? Has anyone else, while awaiting his bride at the altar, been informed that his honeymoon quarters have been requisitioned for a VIP? Thousands of Lord Grantley's friends will read this book to hear again his sparkling conversation; other millions ought to read it, to find a picture of life that is witty and frivolous, but also sane and honourable.

A. D.

**Pope Joan.** Emmanuel Royidis. Verschoyle, 12/6

*Papissa Joanna*, a heretical masterpiece in modern Greek, is here rendered into English by Mr. Lawrence Durrell. It is the story of a German girl who disguised herself as a man and travelled about Europe under the name of Father John with a monk who was her lover, and proved herself so apt a theological scholar that she was eventually able to persuade an unsuspecting college to elect her as Pope. Royidis, in writing her biography, believed he was embellishing fact, and indeed could point to Platina's *Lives of the Popes* to prove it.

However, in 1886, when his book appeared, the Church, both Orthodox and Roman Catholic, maintained that John VIII was either a man or a myth but was certainly not a woman, and Royidis was excommunicated. Mr. Durrell's is not the first translation into English, but it is incomparably the best. His style, at once elegant and robust, invokes the shades of Apuleius, Boccaccio and Rabelais, to which single-hearted company Royidis assuredly belongs.

M. C.

**A Mainsail Haul.** John Masefield. Hart-Davis, 8/6

It is strange to reflect that the expression "mainsail haul," a commonplace of nautical terminology a couple of generations ago, must have become almost unintelligible, even to seafaring folk of the present day. Many years have gone by since Dr. Masefield first, as a young man, compiled this little volume bearing that name, a collection of papers whose subjects ranged from fanciful stories of the West of Ireland and the Western Isles, told in the poetic speech so well suited to the Laureate's manner, to excursions into byways of nautical history in the Spanish Main.

Most of the yarns included are the same as in the original collection. The two new ones are more or less negligible. But of all, my preference is still for Captain Coxon, whose wild career, after he had somehow escaped hanging as a pirate, ended quietly among the Indians of the Mosquito shore. The Indians sorrowed for him "after their manner," and three old English pirates, who lived in that strange place, "helped dig his grave; and then drank a cup of rum to his memory and fired a French volley to his wandering shadow."

C. F. S.

**Three Singles to Adventure.** Gerald Durrell. Hart-Davis, 15/-

Adventure is a place on the map of British Guiana, whither Mr. Durrell and two friends had gone animal-grabbing; too good—if only for the title—to miss. But it won't disappoint. The few worm-eaten shacks rise on piles, curry sizzles, tree-frogs squat in moss-wigged trees, and soon the zoo-hunt is on with everyone flinging himself on three-foot lizards or boldly hauling anacondas out of sacks, to be paid for by footage.

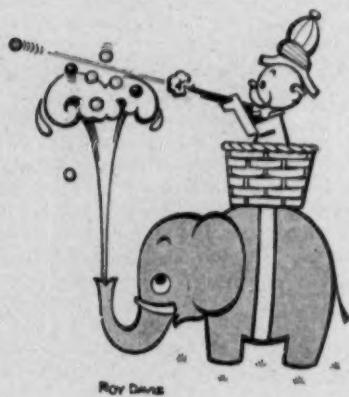
It is in fact the live collector's world of *The Overloaded Ark*, shifted to South America, and no less uncomfortably lively if a little less enchanted. The prime charmers here are ant-eaters, sloths two- and three-toed, tree porcupines. Meet the "Tank 'e God," bolt upright on his branch, a pigmy ant-eater fat as a kitten, with silky red fur and arms raised beseechingly—in readiness to fall like a guillotine on attackers.

G. W. S.

**The Magicians.** J. B. Priestley. Heinemann, 12/6

An electrical engineer who has been edged out of his managing directorship by a chartered accountant is invited to join a titled tycoon in manufacturing an optimism-producing drug. This wicked project falls through, partly because the drug's neurotic inventor dies, but mainly because the hero's life is invaded, and of course enriched, by a trio of Beings who have an in with Time.

After a near-Balchin beginning, the novel declines into prosy grumbling about modern life and even prosier praise of the delights to be found in other dimensions. Mr. Priestley never seems to use his Time



tricks for any purpose but escape. He is an odd figure in modern literature, awkwardly poised between realism and escapism, never quite sinking into a fluent hack, never for long maintaining his foothold in the class to which some of his essays and plays show that he really belongs. Perhaps one day his uneasy relationship to his craft and his age may provide him with the theme of an autobiography or autobiographical novel in which all his talents fuse and flower.

R. G. G. P.

**Christ Recrucified.** Nikos Kazantzakis.  
*Bruno Cassirer, 15/-*

The villagers of Lycovrissi, a Greek village under Turkish rule, choose some of their number to enact the life of Christ in a Passion Play. *Christ Recrucified* tells of the tragedies caused when the apostles, Christ, Judas and Mary Magdalen identify themselves in their everyday actions with the parts they have been given. The religious symbolism is skilfully blended into the events that follow the turning away of a group of refugees by the village "pope" or country priest. Christ is a young shepherd, and his followers are with one exception the poor and dispossessed; against them are ranged the pope and the notables, who are all brilliantly characterized.

The book moves slowly, but it sparkles with life and vigour in successive scenes which show the opposition between the lusts, greed and self-interest of the notables and the self-sacrifice of Christ and the apostles. Yet it is much more than a simple morality, and, tactfully though the religious symbolism is handled, it sometimes blurs appreciation of a story that would be remarkable on any terms in its fire and zest. J. S.



# AT THE PICTURES

*The Good Die Young*  
*Les Amants de Minuit*

THE reason for the title *The Good Die Young* (Director: LEWIS GILBERT) may be made clear in the novel on which it is based, but hardly appears in the film. Of the four men who die in it, the one who seems conspicuously the youngest could not by any wrenching of language be described as good—indeed, the story has it that his villainy leads all the others astray—and the remaining three, though not exactly middle-aged, are certainly old enough to know better.

The piece has one of those self-running plots that emerge automatically once a central situation has been found. Get four characters in the same place at the same moment and work out reasons for their having met there; then, so long as you begin with the situation, and provide four flashbacks leading up to it, and round off after it, you have what by an optical illusion appears to be a carefully worked-out story with some kind of significant message.



Joe—RICHARD BASEHART

Mike—STANLEY BAKER

Eddie—JOHN IRELAND

Rave—LAURENCE HARVEY

The message here presumably is that the good die young, or at any rate before their time, but it might almost equally well be that the good are driven to crime by the shortcomings of their wives. Of the three nominally good men who are led into crime by the evil fourth, one needs money because he has deserted from the U.S.A.F. to try to regain his flighty wife's affection, another needs money to take his wife away from her possessive mother, the third needs money because his wife has stupidly lost his savings. Moreover, they die not because they are "good" but because the villainous character is moved, for no particular reason, to kill them.

No, it's not a sensible film, or a good one; though there are good points about it. The episodes are pretty conventionally written and nothing much can be done in the way of individualizing the characters, but STANLEY BAKER as the boxer—yes, the old situation of the boxer with the distressed wife—manages one or two genuinely moving scenes. The sequence of the actual crime (mail-van robbery with violence) is excitingly handled; and here and there are moments that satisfy, visually and otherwise. But on the whole the thing is a prodigious waste of an impressive cast.

The uncomfortable truth about *Les Amants de Minuit* (Director: ROGER RICHEBÉ) is that it is essentially a Hollywood Cinderella-story, only slightly disguised by an "unhappy ending" which in Hollywood, if it had got into the film at all, would have been hastily changed after a "sneak preview" had shown that the immense, sentimental majority of moviegoers wished it could be.

The trouble in fact is that this picture isn't consistent with itself. Almost throughout it is a typical—though beautifully done—example of the use of a box-office formula, in which the mousy little Cinderella from the dress-shop is given a perfect, idyllically happy time in wonderful clothes with Prince Charming; but the ending, which in effect explains that the gold was fairy gold and leaves the girl with nothing but beautiful memories, is in a different convention. It seems to imply a realistic atmosphere about the rest of the story which in point of fact it didn't have.

This may appear to be labouring a point of pedantry, and I certainly wouldn't wish to say anything against the piece as sheer entertainment. DANY ROBIN is very appealing as the girl, JEAN MARAIS effectively gives his Prince Charming a secret worry and a conscience, and the detail and the small parts have much of the usual French excellence.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The brilliantly-made, intensely gripping *Le Salaire de la Peur* (24/2/54) is still top of the London films. There is quite a choice of gaiety in different keys: *M. Hulot's Holiday* (25/11/53), *The Moon is Blue* (20/1/54), *The "Maggie"* (10/3/54), and the musical *Kiss Me Kate*. Wonderful acting in *The Member of the Wedding* (3/3/54).

The only new release reviewed here is *It Should Happen to You* (3/3/54), a bright satire with the unique JUDY HOLLIDAY. *Calamity Jane* is very much a carbon copy of *Annie Get Your Gun*, but has DORIS DAY.

RICHARD MALLETT



## At the Play in Paris

*Le Livre de Christophe Colomb* (MARIGNY)

SINCE the war the French, lucky in finding good new playwrights, have enjoyed a striking renaissance in their theatre. On a population basis Paris offers over fifty per cent more seats than London, and even out of the tourist season its playhouses thrive. They are more expensive, stuffier, and less punctual than ours; a programme costs as much as four shillings, and a trail of small change must be laid before one can sit down; but the range is wonderful, and so is the enthusiasm. Six sorties brought us Claudel, Anouilh, Sartre, Giraudoux, Roussin, and a little comedy which has plainly discovered some of the properties of perpetual motion.

One of the chief differences between our two theatres being that the French take the producer less seriously, it was curious that the most exciting piece we saw should have owed most to production; though less surprising since the magician was JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT, who, with his wife, MADELEINE RENAUD, has made the Marigny the leading stage in Paris. *Christophe Colomb* is not typical Claudel. If *Partage de Midi* was esoteric benzedrine, *Christophe Colomb* is T.N.T. for the senses. It has enabled BARRAULT to put into operation his

theory of "total theatre," a reasonable description of the blended use of music, cinema, chorus, mime, ballet, sound effects, lighting, and even shadowgraph. This whole bag of tricks empties before our eyes in an atmosphere of calculated intimacy and with a cunning which removes any hint of the bogus.

To CLAUDEL Columbus is not a merchant adventurer but a burning visionary, the high human ferment doomed inevitably to incomprehension and ingratitude. In the orchestra pit the old Columbus, broken and disgraced, joins the chorus to watch his younger self, played by BARRAULT, unfold the story of his life. The sole ornament of the stage is a magnificent white sail, unfurled to show such unusual film shots as the Divine Hand fashioning the world (effective in its context, this, in spite of its suggestion of Philip Harben with a plum pudding). A professor in a tail coat reads explanatory passages from a history, and subdues the insubordinate chorus, which forms the main reservoir for the actors. The frequent coming and going and switching of method may sound intolerable, but I thought it came off brilliantly, with unforgettable moments: Columbus (BARRAULT is an electric eel of a man) alone against his mutinous crew; in chains, begged by his



(*Le Livre de Christophe Colomb*  
*Christophe Colomb du drame*—JEAN-LOUIS  
BARRAULT

sailors to save them from a tempest that must have been heard in the Champs Elysées; back in Spain at the end,



Paola—EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE

Lucile—MADELEINE RENAUD

[Pour Lucrèce]



waiting desperately until his last hope, his patroness Queen Isabella, is brought to him on a bier. For an actor of BARRAULT's accomplishment this is not a difficult part, but he puts into it immense verve. *Christophe Colomb* is a higher-brow musical, marked by absolute precision and a score carefully matching its moods. A kind of spiritual Western—*va l'ouest, jeune homme!* Not a great play, but fascinating theatre.

#### Kean (SARAH BERNHARDT)

Often noisy, it is never ranting. One cannot say as much for *Kean*, an *assiette anglaise* composed mostly of ham, which Paris is treating with surprising respect, and which some nostalgists for outsize acting even find stirring. A crude melodrama of wine, women and childish egotism, it was first cooked up by Dumas père (writing with sublime disregard for the facts, only three years after Kean's death) and has now been re-heated, heaven knows why, by SARTRE, with the addition of a faintly existentialist sauce. It is simply a vehicle for PIERRE BRASSEUR's volcanic acting, but his performance seemed to be a giant husk with little side, and I felt I was watching a runaway steamroller cracking a nut.

#### L'Alouette (MONTPARNASSE, G. BATY)

ANOUILH's new play, *L'Alouette*, I liked very much. It must presumably be classified as a *pièce rose*, since his Joan of Arc, snared into recanting by the Gestapo of the Inquisition, is finally snatched from the faggots in a farcically happy ending. With Shaw's Joan she

has a good deal in common. She is direct but shrewd, young enough to giggle yet unbreakable in her faith even by the most sadistic of her judges. The trial runs throughout, but is interrupted by scenes with various characters who



(Kean)  
Kean—PIERRE BRASSEUR

sometimes step into focus, in a very simple and fluid production, from the public box. Telling use is made of Joan's peasant parents, sick of a spectacular daughter; and she has admirable scenes of comedy with the Dauphin and her gaoler. One of the best things is her ecstatic reunion—two old sweats linked arm-in-arm—with a vast chuckling incoherent soldier. It is this extreme humanity, setting off the sharp drama of the religious argument, which makes *L'Alouette* the most moving of the plays we saw. And SUZANNE FLON, a small pale figure with the sudden fire of Peggy Ashcroft, gives a very beautiful performance. The production is all the stronger for asking only a rough white wall, a few beams and the minimum of furniture.

#### Frère Jacques (VARIÉTÉS)

On the light side, nothing imaginable can stop the run of *Frère Jacques*, a comedy by ANDRÉ GILLOIS which Paris has rightly taken to its heart. No doubt London will soon see it, but it will be hard to find an English actor who can propel this French model of an Aldwych

farce with the happy blend of the urbane and the audacious possessed by FERNAND GRAVEY.

#### Pour Lucrèce (MARIGNY)

In the other play at the Marigny, *Pour Lucrèce* (GIRAUDOUX's last work), I was slightly disappointed; partly because its conflict between a fanatically puritan woman and a woman of the world takes place in such a rarified atmosphere that my belief was suspended, and partly because for me EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE as the second of the women fell short of the magic with which she dazzled us recently in London. She can never be anything but a great actress, but here she seemed a little dimmed. Perhaps the part cramps her, but I found MADELEINE RENAUD and JEAN DESAILLY more interesting. This play should not be missed, however, by anyone with the chance to see it, for it has splendid passages and is a fine example of the polish which the best French actors can bring to an almost purely verbal play.

#### Le Mari, La Femme et la Mort (AMBASSADEURS)

And no doubt we shall also see the brand-new ROUSSIN, *Le Mari, La Femme et la Mort*. About a wife constantly bungling the murder of her husband, it struck me as far funnier than the same author's *The Little Hut*. A small and expert cast whisks it along at a cracking pace, and JACQUELINE GAUTHIER and BERNARD BLIER both show prodigious resource. ERIC KEOWN



(L'Alouette)  
Jeanne—SUZANNE FLON



(Frère Jacques)  
Jacques—FERNAND GRAVEY

## ON THE AIR

### The Younger Set

MY knowledge of children's television is mostly second-hand. I sit there in the curtained gloom with my head turned towards the bright screen and my eyes on the faces of the young viewers at my side. The elder child has been looking-in regularly for six years and is now fairly discriminating. She examines the *Radio Times* very thoroughly before committing herself to a programme, loftily ignores any item labelled "for younger children," loathes puppets and can now wallow in an exciting serial without offering involuntary vocal advice ("Look out, he's just behind you!") to the hero. She imagines, I am sure, that her features are impassive, and so they are when she remembers to set a stiff upper lip; but she is often caught off-guard, with eyes popping, mouth agape and fists clenched.

The younger viewer is still an amateur at the game, and very impressionable. When the villain takes a sock on the jaw she bounces for joy: when the faithful Alsatian is trapped by the bad men, tears glisten, and when its plight becomes unbearable she buries her head in a cushion.

Second-hand viewing is a delightful and instructive pastime: I recommend it to all parents.

Children in this country have been and are being deprived of much innocent happiness by parents who have allowed themselves to be scared by reports from America and by writers harping hysterically on the alleged decadence of our spoon-fed, film-struck youth. There may be some cause for alarm in the United States, where competing



[The Cabin in the Clearing

... and another redskin bit the dust

programmes and commercial sponsors stretch the children's hour to bedtime and beyond, and where horror competes with horror; but the fare provided by the B.B.C. wouldn't hurt a fly. The ration of TV for children seldom exceeds an hour, maintains a fair balance between instruction and entertainment and is handled for the most part by people who seem genuinely eager to be "good influences," pluperfect uncles and aunts.

In my youth I enjoyed the serials of the cinema (Eddie Polo and company), and now, at second hand, I enjoy such gripping yarns as *A Castle and Sixpence* and the current *The Cabin in the Clearing*. Great stuff, this, with Red Injuns biting the dust and fearless settlers rescued in the nick of time from hebdomadal perils. Good marks, also, to the Children's Newsreel—for which, I gather, there is an increasing demand—to "All Your Own" and "This Was News."

The children's hour is one of the few undoubted successes of television, and the commercial service will be wise, in my view, not to compete with it.

For many adult viewers Peter Scott's film of a journey into the High Andes and to Lake Titicaca was the highlight of the week. The pictures were pure delight. Wild snow-capped mountains, raging rivers, the great lake, the "so little peoples" and their quaint costumes and the Torrent Duck—all so reminiscent, in print, of the Technicolor travel films of the cinema, and yet so fresh and exciting when seen in black and white through the discerning eye of the naturalist. No doubt he owes much to the back-room boys, the appropriately named Edmund Seal and Desmond Hawkins, but the success of these programmes is first and foremost a tribute to Peter Scott's narrative and pictorial skill.

"Variety Parade" once again revealed the appalling poverty of TV's light entertainment. It is not enough—and Lime Grove should know this by now—to lift items bodily from sound radio and pop them into fancy dress. Here we were presented with one young man after another, each attempting to amuse in the facetious style of Bob Hope and failing horribly. We saw Miss Karen Greer and twenty or so mute and inglorious assistants in a pretentious and utterly incomprehensible snatch of operetta, the Tiller Girls, three tumblers, and Syd Seymour and his Madhatters; and only the promise of Max Wall prevented us from switching off.

Max Wall is a true comic, one of the best. On sound radio he is like a fish out of water, dependent like the rest of the funny men on lame verbal quips and vocal gymnastics; but before the cameras his "laughing legs" come into their own. He should leave smut for those with less natural talent.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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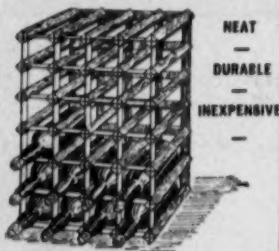
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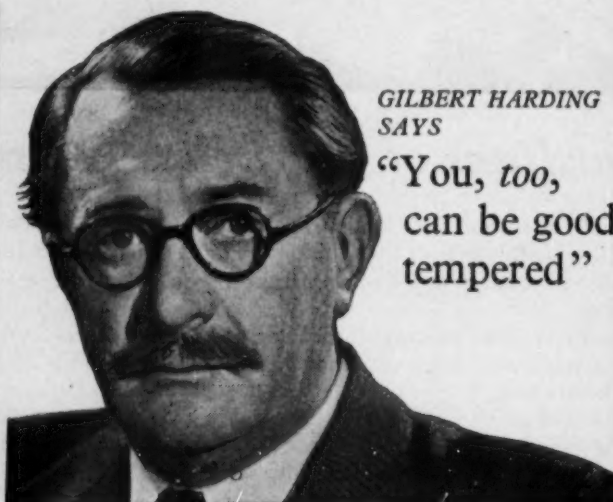
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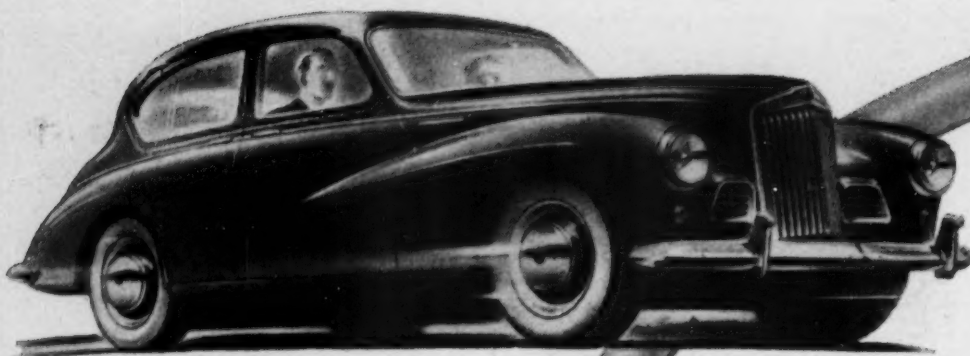
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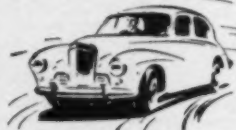
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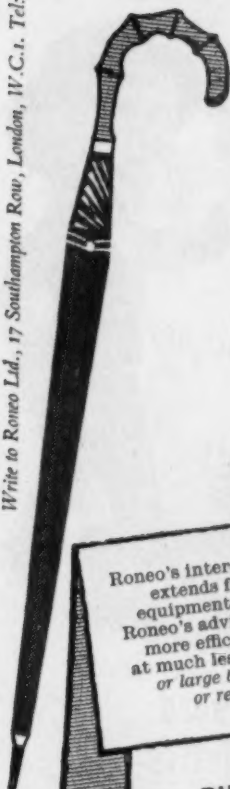


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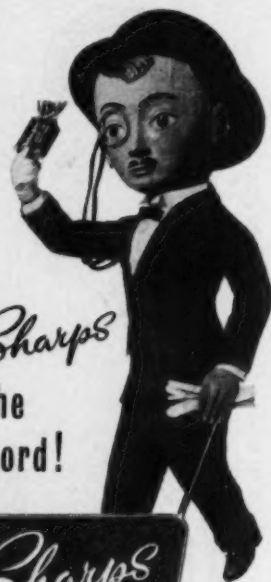


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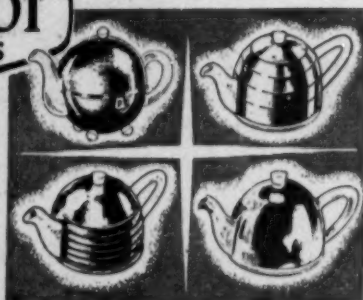
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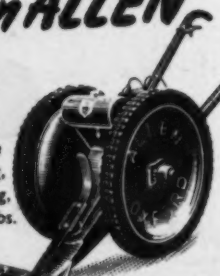
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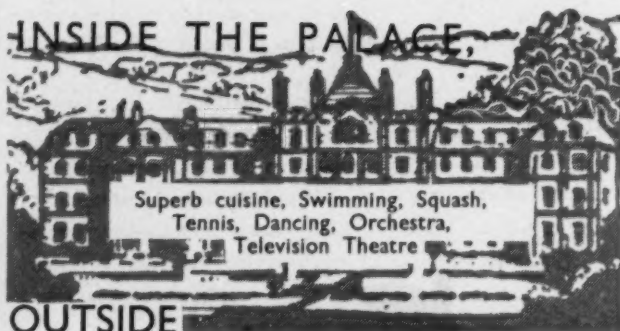
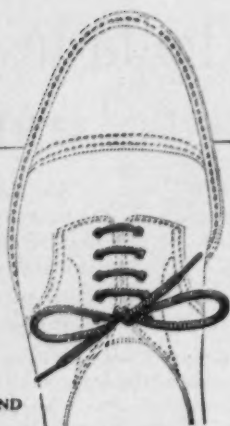


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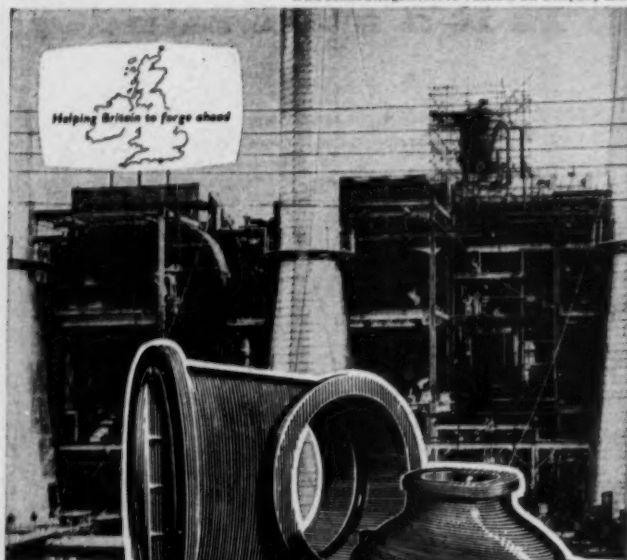
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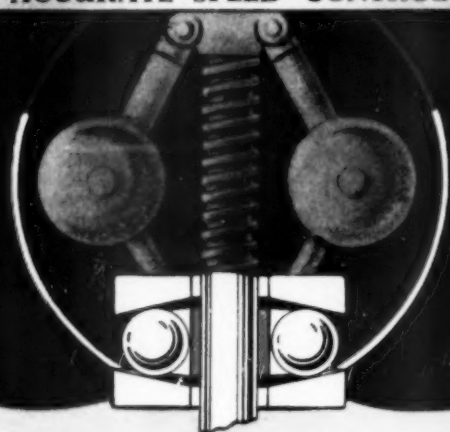
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